

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

A pollinaris is the natural
mixer with Scotch...

ask for a Scotch and POLLY

"King George IV"

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD

EDINBURGH • SCOTLAND

ROYAL INSURANCE

FOR COMPLETE INSURANCE

Branches and Agencies



COMPANY LIMITED

PROTECTION AND SERVICE

throughout the World

voice
the choice
of France

CHAMPAGNE

M

ERCIER s'il vous plaît!



Messrs. Jarvis, Halliday & Co. Ltd., 62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS • CEREBOS LTD

Cerebos

Salt for dainty tables

PARIPAN LTD

BRITISH MADE

PARIPAN PAREMUL PARIMAT
Dryfast Emulsion Steamproof
ENAMEL PAINT FINISH

1 SHERWOOD STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
TOILET SOAP MAKERS

Bronnley

FINE SOAPS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE QUEEN MOTHER
TOILET SOAP MAKERS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON. S.W.1



The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE



WETT CHAMBERLAYNE

We have decided to open part of the gardens and visitors are welcome. At the same time we have made it clear that we are not allowing strangers to wander everywhere. We want to share our pleasures with the People (children half price); but we have no intention of imitating some of the more "aristocratic" patrons of stately homes who allow people to amble round on their own. Visitors are welcome between 3.30 and 4.30 except at weekends and holidays unless there is a notice up to the contrary. No dogs are allowed though they may look quietly through the front gates if on a lead. Visitors will be searched for litter before entering, and again, before they leave, for seeds. Cars may drive to the gate but they must be parked inside the manure yard, *backs* to the wall. The dwelling quarters are barricaded off, but visitors are requested not to look at them and are particularly put on their honour not to raise their eyes above the level of the ground floor. And remember: ONE-WAY ONLY: *No Smoking, chewing or snuff*: E PERICOLOSO SPORGERSI: *Tenez la gauche*: GROUND UNDER REPAIR: *Do not Look*: LOOK ROUND AND READ GREAT NATURE'S OPEN BOOK (*Keep Moving*): KEEP OFF: *Do not disturb gardener's boy*: LOW CHATTER ALLOWED HERE: *All cameras will be confiscated here*. The penalties for stealing bulbs or for pulling the communication cord are printed on back of card.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

*Pleasing behaviour
is an inherent quality
of Rover engineering*

THE 105^s

is the swiftest **ROVER** of all

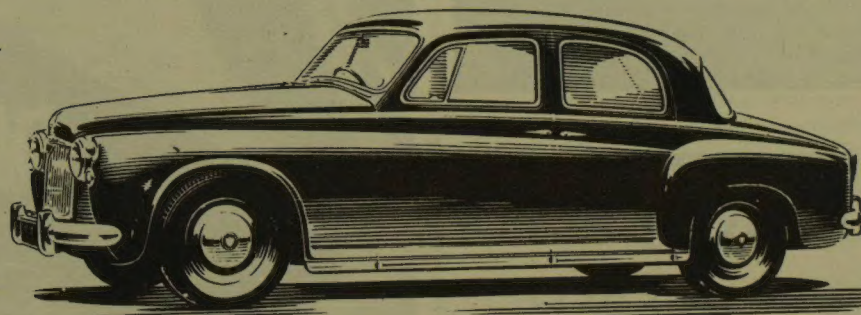
"This new model in suitable hands can be driven in the manner of a sports car, thanks to the well-chosen gear ratios, the smooth power of the engine, the faultless brakes and the balanced suspension and steering. The standard of silence achieved is remarkably high. With all windows closed both road and traffic noise are reduced to a gentle murmur."

John Eason Gibson in "Country Life".

"The 'S' denotes that manual gearchange is retained but with the addition of a built-in overdrive to top gear, automatically operated. The 105 moved with the same silky smoothness as other models of this make . . . the engine has been developed with all the engineering skill for which the company is noted."

"Financial Times".

Price £1595.17.0 (including purchase tax)



The Rover range: 2 LITRE 60; 75 AND 90; 105S; 105R (FULLY AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION)

GARRARD RINGS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS &
CROWN JEWELLERS



Sapphire &
diamond
£160.0.0

Diamond
£180.0.0

Diamond
£240.0.0

Zircon &
diamond
£100.0.0

Sapphire &
diamond
£65.0.0

Sapphire & diamond
£225.0.0

Diamond
£72.0.0

Diamond
£147.0.0

Citrine, diamond & 9 ct. gold
£95.0.0

Diamond
£275.0.0

Diamond
£275.0.0

Opal & diamond
£157.10.0

An illustrated catalogue of rings
is now available and we shall
be glad to send you a copy.

GARRARD & Co Ltd
crown jewellers
112 REGENT STREET
LONDON W.1

FORMERLY THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.,
TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021



Cocktail Virginia

Here is originality without the flaw of mere novelty—two delightful brands of Sobranie cigarettes, each in its own field without a superior, dressed as no other cigarettes are dressed . . . Here are all those rare qualities for so long implied in the Sobranie tradition, presented with an éclat which is excitingly up to date.

The gay Cocktail Virginia are wrapped in 5 different coloured papers, all gold-

Sobranie Cigarettes

tipped, and presented in a hand-made box. The Black Russian, originally made especially for a Russian Grand Duke at the Court of St. Petersburg, are wrapped in mysterious black, gold-tipped and crested . . . Both Cocktail Sobranie and Sobranie Black Russian cigarettes are made especially to delight the smartest of modern hostesses and the choosiest of choosy guests.

SOBRANIE CIGARETTES ARE OBTAINABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET PLEASE WRITE TO SOBRANIE LIMITED 136 CITY ROAD LONDON EC1

Black Russian





MISS LILY PONS: 4 WOMEN in 1

Petite Miss Pons is a compact composite of four people: Metropolitan Opera star, «do-it-now» businesswoman, fashion plate, and art collector. One of the world's most traveled women, she flew 180,000 miles during World War II entertaining troops. Still constantly traveling, she prefers Lockheed Super Constellations for their elegant decor, smooth flight, deep reclining chairs and gracious lounge. This year, French-born Miss Pons will fly to Rome on the NEW, even bigger and faster Lockheed luxury liner (Model 1649) . . . via LAI-Italian Airlines.



Now in service: The Super Constellation

COMING: THE LARGEST, FASTEST LOCKHEED LUXURY LINER (Model 1649) - for non-stop service between world capitals via AIR-FRANCE, LAI - Italian Airlines, LUFTHANSA - German Airlines, TWA - Trans World Airlines, and VARIG Airlines of Brazil.

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

THESE SUPER CONSTELLATION AIRLINES SERVE THE WORLD: Air France • Air-India International • Avianca • California Eastern • Cubana • Dollar Associates • Eastern Air Lines • Iberia • KLM-Royal Dutch Airlines • LAV-The Venezuelan Airline • Lufthansa-German Airlines • Northwest Orient Airlines • Pakistan International • Qantas • Resort Airlines • Seaboard & Western • TAP • Thai Airways • The Flying Tiger Line • Trans-Canada Air Lines • TWA-Trans World Airlines • Varig Airlines



Their thoughts in the sky, their feet on the ground, aircrew blend courage with careful skill

Per ardua... ad astra.

It is not easy to fly with the R.A.F., to lead others, to shoulder great responsibilities while still young. But in the lasting satisfaction of this immensely worthwhile career...

great effort finds great reward

A YOUNG MAN'S DREAM may dwell on flying. His common sense tends to call him back to earth—to consider the future and the building of a career.

Feet on the ground. In the Royal Air Force today you can satisfy both these demands—and the new appointment of Air Electronics Officers means more can now fly. These highly skilled men are trained to be responsible for all the electronic devices in the new V-bombers. But aircrew are much

more than flyers. They are often seconded for other important work in Britain and abroad. Training others, international liaison, aircraft development—these are but some of the jobs that may come your way. And responsibility grows fast. You can be a Group Captain while in your early forties, responsible for perhaps fifteen hundred men and several squadrons of modern aircraft. Beyond that? There is no limit. Quality counts in the R.A.F. and there will always be room at the top for good men.

A sure future—good pay. You can join the R.A.F. through the Direct Commission Scheme, confident of a permanent career right up to pension age. Or you can choose a twelve-year engagement, with the option of leaving after eight. If you leave after 12 years you take back to civilian life a tax-free gratuity of £4,000! Whichever you choose the pay is good. At the new rates, a Flight Lieutenant of 25 for instance, can draw, with full allowances, about £1,500 a year.



Interest, change, opportunity. Working life in the R.A.F. brings challenge—and great variety. Your leisure is equally lively: all the sports there are, dependable friends, a social life with wide horizons—and never a dull moment.

HOW TO FLY WITH THE R.A.F. You must be between 17½ and 26 and absolutely fit. You must have General Certificate of Education or Scottish Leaving Certificate or their equivalents. You must be able to lead others, and you must have aptitude as well as enthusiasm for flying. If you feel you have all these qualities, write at once for details of the schemes of entry to the Air Ministry (ILN.305), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. Give date of birth and educational qualifications.



The
Royal Air Force
Flying...
and a career

HOW (of EDINBURGH LTD.)



PLYMOUTH

By J. MORTIMER.

Circa 1695.

Weight 4 ozs. 11 dwts.

This porringer is one of the very few pieces made in the port from which the Mayflower sailed. Although no Assay Office was ever established in Plymouth, one or two silversmiths worked there chiefly at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century, the most notable being a man of the name of Rowe, who made the famous Eddystone Lighthouse Salt, and John Mortimer who made this porringer.

ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR,
GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE, LONDON W.1.

STAND 68

2-3 PICKERING PLACE, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone & Telegrams: WHItEhAll 7140

Under the Patronage of
H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AND EXHIBITION

JUNE 12th-27th
(Except Sundays)

GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE, W.1

Open 11 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.

ADMISSION 5/- SEASON TICKETS £1

Part of which will be given to 'Invalid Meals for London', The Girl Guides Association (London) and the British Antique Dealers' Association.

ALFRED BROD LTD.

will exhibit

Fine Old Dutch Paintings
at the Antique Dealers' Fair
Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1

From June 12th to June 27th

Stand No. 28

See the New

HUMBER HAWK



More Power - More Room - More M.P.G. - and Greater Safety!

6-seater comfort

Exceptionally wide doors and a lower floor give easy access to the luxury of an interior that is *inches more roomy in every direction*. Legs can really stretch out in the new Hawk! The broad *deep-cushioned* seats are set between the axles for a *smoother-than-ever* ride.

6 Extra-Safety features

★ Unit construction that combines *lightness* with *immense strength* ★ Panoramic vision—wrap-round windscreen and rear window ★ Low centre of gravity and *Balanced Weight Distribution* ★ Instant response . . . vivid acceleration ★ Big brakes to match ★ Padded safety roll.

Greatly improved power unit

High power/weight ratio assists the famous—and *now improved* Humber 4-cylinder engine to deliver an *even more exciting* and *velvet-smooth* performance.

Increased M.P.G. puts the new Hawk completely in tune with the times.

£840 plus £421.7.0 purchase tax

White-wall tyres and chromium rimfinishers available as optional extras.

AVAILABLE ALSO AS A TOURING LIMOUSINE

**WITH FULLY
AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION OR OVERDRIVE**
(AVAILABLE AS EXTRAS)



A PRODUCT OF

ROOTES MOTORS LTD

HUMBER LTD • DIVISION OF ROOTES MOTORS LTD • LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD • DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • PICCADILLY • W.1

Shell guide to trees in JUNE

PAINTED BY S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.

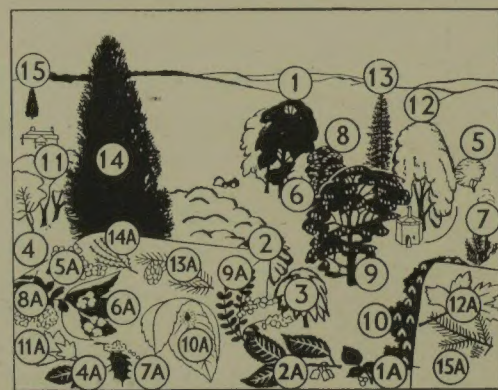


Dark towers of ENGLISH ELM (1, 1A) accent our mid-summer landscape. WYCH ELM (2, 2A) has larger leaves and seed (a weeping variety, 3). Breezes sound like gentle rain in the ASPEN (4, 4A), a poplar whose leaves tremble because of their weak flattened stems. Legend says it was condemned to shiver for not bowing to Christ on his way to Calvary.

In flower now are HAWTHORN (5, 5A); WHITEBEAM (6, 6A), with its white-backed leaves; HOLLY (7, 7A), bearing a blossom "as white as the lily flower", as the carol says; and ROWAN or MOUNTAIN ASH (8, 8A). Pea-like flowers swing out of reach from the prickly LOCUST (9, 9A), from North America. The Chinese DOVE TREE (10, 10A) hangs out white doves or pocket

handkerchiefs—flowers enclosed in white bracts.

Leaves of the airy ABELE or WHITE POPLAR, from the Levant (11, 11A), are lobed and white underneath. The LONDON PLANE (12, 12A) a hybrid between kinds of New World and Old World, hides its peeling trunk behind leaves like the Sycamore's, but more lobed. The huge DOUGLAS FIR (13, 13A), the BIG TREE (14) and its close relation the REDWOOD (15) are all from Pacific North America. We named the Big Tree (the world's bulkiest plant) "Wellingtonia" after the Iron Duke. Americans preferred "Washingtonia" after their President. The Big Tree's primitive foliage (14A) and REDWOOD's yew-like foliage (15A) are easily distinguished.



Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7s. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

You can be sure of



The Key to the Countryside

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1957.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST FLIGHTS IN THE COMET: HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE, BOARDING AN R.A.F. COMET FOR HER RETURN FROM LEUCHARS TO LONDON, ON JUNE 4.

For her visit to Leuchars R.A.F. Station, in Fife, where she saw some of Britain's latest guided missiles and presented a standard to No. 43 Squadron, the Queen made her first journey in a Comet. A Comet II of R.A.F. Transport Command, piloted by Squadron Leader D. J. Harper, took her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh from Marham, near Sandringham, and they were accompanied by Mr. George Ward, Secretary for Air. After the

visit to Leuchars (reported elsewhere in this issue) she returned in the same Comet to London Airport and during this trip spent nearly a quarter of an hour in the second pilot's seat, asking a number of semi-technical questions and identifying landmarks in the countryside below. On the outward flight, from Marham to Leuchars, the aircraft made 450 m.p.h., which was described as a good guide for the whole journey.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NOTHING in the London seasonal round is more beautiful than the annual Founder's Day Parade at Chelsea Hospital. It must be nearly thirty years since I first saw it, and though in recent years I have been privileged to witness it repeatedly, the spectacle still thrills me each time as much as it did on that first now remote occasion. Perhaps, because the passage of time makes its significance plainer, it thrills me even more. The perfection and simplicity of the ceremonial, the old men gently marshalled by their veteran sergeants and officers in Wren's great courtyard, some in formal ranks, others seated on benches along the colonnades, the scarlet of their uniforms against the mellowed red brick and soft white Portland stone of that beautiful building, the Roman-robed statue of the presiding Merry Monarch festooned and half-buried in oak leaves, the Garter blue ribbon and Field Marshal's uniform of the Inspecting General Officer with the plumes of his attendants, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, floating in the breeze, the old Pensioners' gnarled and reflective faces silhouetted under their black Hogarthian tricorne hats, all combine to produce in the onlooker an illusion of timeless enchantment that the greatest dramatic performance could hardly surpass. Not even the Trooping the Colour in front of Kent's lovely façade, the Treasury Building and the chestnuts of St. James's Park is more moving and satisfying to the spirit than this modest and flawless pageant of our national past. Yet, though it takes place every year, it is witnessed only by a few hundred spectators, is never or scarcely ever mentioned in the Press, and its very existence is unknown to the vast majority of our people and to the hundreds of thousands of Commonwealth kinsfolk, Americans and foreigners who annually visit our shores. For every hundred who have heard of or visited the Chelsea Flower Show, held at much the same time and in a far less beautiful part of the same beautiful grounds, only one has heard of the Pensioners' Founder's Day Parade. If those responsible for our national education and for the development of our tourist trade possessed a grain of imagination, they would surely use this exquisite ceremony to make known something of the wisdom, poetry and artistic wealth of the English past. If I were *Ædile*—which I never shall be—I would fill the courtyard for the occasion with stands for London schoolchildren and film and televise for world-wide reproduction the whole of this brief, yet leisurely and unhurried, evocation of a vanished age. It would do more to make men understand what England has stood for, and still at heart stands for, than all the apologetic platitudes of statesmen, the repetitive "hand-outs" of departmental Information bureaux, the "cultural" tours and missions of our professional propagandists. Even that astonishing modern manifestation of our recurrent national artistic genius, the great, world-famed ballet company that in twenty years has grown out of little suburban Sadler's Wells, is doing no more than this could to interpret the spirit and message of our country.

times of peace and prosperity, human beings, faced by danger and disaster, are not naturally unselfish and self-controlled. Their first instinct—and it is a very strong one—is to run away, to dodge the column, to save themselves and their own at the expense of others. An institution like an army which can train and inspire them to stand firm in the hour of peril and calamity and guard others with their own lives is as much a school of virtue of a kind as a church or university. And there are other virtues, of great value in the lives of communities, which a good army can teach—punctuality, obedience to needful discipline, comradeship, tidiness, self-respect, patience, and cheerfulness under mishap—all of them adding to the sum total of human happiness and achievement. Yet it may be argued that these are common to all armies—at least to a greater or lesser degree, for there are wide variations in such matters as a comparison between, say, the British and Egyptian Armies would show—and that the British soldier has no monopoly of the soldierly qualities, in which, for instance, the German, the American, the Russian, the French, the Japanese, the Turkish, the Indian soldier has, in history or modern times, proved himself his peer.

This is true enough, yet there is one important respect in which the British Army has long, I believe, been unequalled—in its gentleness, its good temper, its fine discipline in victory, its modest and humane dealing with

those who, as a result of its victories, have found themselves at its mercy. That mercy has seldom failed—a circumstance which derives partly from England's happy and sea-sheltered history and partly from the historical development of that Army itself. Less than that of any other victorious military force has its path been disgraced by burnt and looted towns, cowed civilians, wasted fields and farms. It has been terrible in battle, but usually meek in victory. "When you occupied our Rhineland," a German said after 1919, "you sent us an army of gentlemen!" Of how many occupying Powers in history could a conquered victim say that? And this gentleness, I think, is mirrored in this beautiful parade of the Chelsea Pensioners. It is visible in the easy-going yet orderly tolerance of their discipline, itself expressive of the spirit that governs their place of retirement and animates their officers; it is to be heard in the regimental marches of the Army played before and during the ceremony—marches so curiously different from those of most other armies, for they are based mainly on country



"ALL REGIMENTS' DAY": THIS YEAR'S CHELSEA PENSIONERS' FOUNDER'S PARADE, WITH THE PENSIONERS RAISING THEIR HATS IN SALUTE. IN FRONT OF THE FOUNDER'S STATUE, "FESTOONED AND HALF-BURIED IN OAK LEAVES," STANDS THE INSPECTING OFFICER, FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

"Not even the Trooping the Colour (writes Sir Arthur Bryant) . . . is more moving and satisfying to the spirit than this modest and flawless pageant of our national past." This parade, he goes on, illustrates the English talent "for combining order with mercy, courage with gentleness, pride and easy and beautiful display with freedom from ostentation. . . . What is being re-enacted here is the unchanging history of the British Regular Army. . . . (It) is a commemoration, enacted by the veterans of that Army, of all its regiments, is, in fact, All Regiments' Day."

airs of traditional rustic or humorous connotation, based of great sweetness. They are almost completely without military bombast or bravado; an Infantry whose Regiments march to the strains of the "Young May Moon" or the "Rising of the Lark" is not likely to prove very terrifying to the widows and children of its enemies or to be deaf to the appeals of humanity.

Since the earliest days of our Regular Army, when it was founded during the national reaction against the fanatic excesses of Cromwell's Ironsides and the tyranny of his Major-Generals, the British soldier of all ranks has accepted the thesis—so revolutionary in the history of arms and armies—that the military arm must always be subordinate to the civil, and that its lot is to serve by destroying the bully and despot, but never to impose its own selfish will or lust for power. And what I find so moving in listening to its Marches and watching its traditional ceremonial is the realisation that to those taking part is being communicated the sense of belonging to and sharing in a fellowship of high and honourable dealing in which the spirits of those who in the past gave their lives, or lived them in the noblest traditions of their Corps, are transmitted to their modern descendants and representatives. A great regiment is a communion, hallowed by the love and sacrifice of successive generations, and in the British Army, whatever it may be in other armies, a Christian community. And the Chelsea Pensioners' Founder's Parade is a commemoration, enacted by the veterans of that Army, of all its regiments, is, in fact, All Regiments' Day.

THE QUEEN AT LEUCHARS R.A.F. STATION: SECRET WEAPONS AND MODERN AIRCRAFT.



THE QUEEN AT LEUCHARS R.A.F. STATION, WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION OF HELICOPTER RESCUE. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STANDS BEHIND THE QUEEN.



THE OFFICER COMMANDING THE TECHNICAL WING AT LEUCHARS, WING COMMANDER ROMANIS, EXPLAINS THE FIRESTREAK, HERE ATTACHED TO A JAVELIN.



LOOKING INTO THE COCKPIT OF AN ENGLISH ELECTRIC P1A FIGHTER—ONE OF THE R.A.F.'S LATEST TYPES: THE QUEEN AT LEUCHARS STATION.

After flying there in her first trip in a *Comet*—as reported on our front page—her Majesty visited the Leuchars R.A.F. Station in Fife, on June 4. During this visit she and the Duke saw in a closely-guarded hangar some of the R.A.F.'s most advanced equipment, including the *Firestreak* and *Bloodhound* guided missiles; and also in a static display a *Fairey Delta 2* and an English Electric P1A which had been specially flown up from England. In a ceremonial parade on the tarmac apron of the station, she inspected No. 43



HER MAJESTY PRESENTING A STANDARD TO NO. 43 SQUADRON R.A.F., WHICH IS AT PRESENT COMMANDED BY A U.S.A.F. OFFICER UNDER THE EXCHANGE SCHEME.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE LOOKING AT A FAIREY DELTA 2 RESEARCH AIRCRAFT OF THE TYPE WHICH HOLDS THE PRESENT WORLD'S AIRSPEED RECORD.

Squadron, which at present has an American commander, Major R. O. Roberts, under the exchange scheme; and presented a Squadron Standard to the squadron. After luncheon the Queen and the Duke watched a display of aerobatics, reviewed *Hunter* and *Venom* fighters, and a fly-past of *Javelins* from Turnhouse, near Edinburgh. The Queen also saw a radar training caravan and inspected the station's married quarters before returning to England in the same *Comet* aircraft of R.A.F. Transport Command.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: ROYAL OCCASIONS; A REHEARSAL; AND A DUBLIN CEREMONY.



AT A REHEARSAL FOR THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY: MRS. D. ARCHER-HOUBLON, WHO REPRESENTED THE QUEEN, WITH MAJOR GENERAL G. F. JOHNSON. The first rehearsal for the Trooping the Colour ceremony was held on Horse Guards Parade on June 3. Mrs. D. Archer-Houblon, representing the Queen, rode *Imp*. The salute was taken by Major-General G. F. Johnson, Major-General Commanding the Household Brigade.



AT THE ALBERT HALL: MRS. GENERAL KITCHING, WIFE OF THE GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY, BEING PRESENTED TO H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE RALLY OF THE SALVATION ARMY INTERNATIONAL HOME LEAGUE.

On June 6 H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother went to the Albert Hall, where she attended the Jubilee Rally of the Salvation Army International Home League. General Kitching gave an address of welcome to the Queen Mother, and Mrs. General Kitching, who is World President of the Home League, was presented to her. The Salvation Army International Home League is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its inception.



AT THE DUTCH ROYAL PALACE AT SOESTDIJK: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS RECEIVING THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA.

On June 4 Queen Juliana of the Netherlands received the Governor-General of South Africa, Dr. E. G. Jansen, and his wife, who were spending a few days' holiday in Holland. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Dr. E. G. Jansen, Dr. Geldenhuys (South African Ambassador to the Netherlands), Queen Juliana, Mrs. Geldenhuys, Mrs. Jansen and Prince Bernhard.



AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN: MR. DE VALERA, TAOISEACH (PRIME MINISTER) OF EIRE, WHO OPENED THE NEW MANUSCRIPT ROOM, SPEAKING AT THE CEREMONY.

On June 6 Mr. de Valera opened the new manuscript room at Trinity College, Dublin. Our photograph shows (foreground, l. to r.) Mr. H. W. Parke, Vice-Provost of Trinity College; Mr. de Valera, Dr. A. J. MacConnell, Provost of Trinity College, and Mr. M. Moynihan.



DURING HER VISIT TO COVENTRY: PRINCESS MARGARET AT COVENTRY CATHEDRAL WITH THE PROVOST, THE VERY REV. R. T. HOWARD.

On June 6 Princess Margaret visited Coventry and saw the ruins of the old Cathedral and inspected the rising new Cathedral. Our photograph shows Princess Margaret accompanied by the Provost, and with them the Bishop of Coventry, the Rt. Rev. C. K. N. Bardsley, and the Lord Mayor of Coventry, Alderman Mrs. Hyde.



AT SOUTHAMPTON: PRINCESS MARGARET AT MARCHWOOD AFTER SHE HAD OPENED BRITAIN'S NEWEST POWER STATION AND UNVEILED A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE.

On June 4 Princess Margaret inaugurated the Central Electricity Authority's £27,000,000 power station at Marchwood, near Southampton. The Princess referred to it as the largest in the South of England outside London. When the station is complete in 1959 it will be capable of generating 480,000 kilowatts.



A ROYAL OAKS DAY: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN LEADING IN *CARROZZA*, RIDDEN BY LESTER PIGGOTT, WHICH WON THE OAKS AND GAVE HER MAJESTY HER FIRST CLASSIC WINNER AT EPSOM.

There were resounding and prolonged cheers at Epsom on June 7 when her Majesty's filly, *Carrozza*, ridden by Lester Piggott, won the Oaks in a thrilling finish. It was not until the judge had seen the photograph that he was able to say that *Carrozza* had beaten the Irish challenger, *Silken Glider*, by a short head. The Aga Khan's *Rose Royale II* was three lengths away, third. The result was a triumph not only for the Queen but for Mr. Noel Murless,

the trainer, and Lester Piggott, who thus completed a notable classic double, for *Crepello*, also trained by Mr. Murless, and ridden by Lester Piggott, had won the Derby two days earlier. For the Queen it was a particularly happy occasion, for it was her first classic win at Epsom. The last occasion of a Royal Oaks win was in 1942 when King George VI's *Sun Chariot* won the race then, as in the other war years, run at Newmarket.

THE Baghdad Pact was greeted very coolly at its inauguration even by those most friendly to its conception. The opposition to it was far from cool and was particularly bitter and strident in Egypt. In this country there was a tendency to belittle its future, no less than its present importance. It was argued that the Eastern members, Turkey, Iraq, Persia and Pakistan, were none of them, with the possible exception of the first-named, to be ranked as militarily strong; that their interests were divergent; that their communications were bad; also that the western member, the United Kingdom, was not in a position to develop great strength in this distant region. It was noted that the United States was not a full member or desirous of becoming one.

The critics may still assert that the Pact does not amount to much. The occasion of the meeting of its Ministerial Council in Karachi last week furnished, however, an answer to their forecast that its position would not improve, which they cannot disregard if they are honest. It has made progress. It has shown signs of a spirit of greater confidence. Its members do not regret their action in creating it and appear confident that they can make something better of it. Its weaknesses, military and otherwise, are clear enough, but already it is recognised as an element of strength. It has brought about not only a new unity but also a feeling of greater ease of mind in the Governments of its Eastern members.

The meeting was heralded by some speculation which seems to have been due mainly to a desire to give it a picturesque setting on the part of some individual whose identity remains unknown. It was suggested that a supreme command should be established and that the supreme commander should be the Shah of Persia. Perhaps this was a *ballon d'essai* rather than a mere search for an effective setting, but, in any case, the great men, as they arrived on the scene, either smiled at the suggestion or did not allude to it at all. There is a possibility that a supreme command could be exercised over this vast area were it more highly developed, but as matters stand it could not profitably be attempted. And this is a military objection which does not take into account political reasons why a supreme command at the present moment would be premature.

It may, indeed, be that the best means of developing the strength of the Eastern members of the treaty would be to start by improving their lateral road communications. From the military point of view the next step would be that of providing them with an adequate wireless network. Their economic links are still in most cases tenuous. The fact that the United States has not become a full member, already mentioned among the outside criticisms, may also be regretted inside, though practically it does not seem to be a disadvantage, since that country is represented on all the committees and has proclaimed a guarantee to the whole area covered by the Pact. On June 3 the American observer, Mr. Henderson, accepted an invitation to representation on the Military Committee and stated that the senior representative would be General Twining, shortly to become Chairman of the Combined Chiefs of Staff.

Differences in outlook are natural. Were we to be told that they did not exist we should not believe the statement and would consider it a weakness of the organisation that it should be made. In the case of these states, however, certain of the differences are exceptionally strong. They

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE BAGHDAD PACT TO-DAY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Some-time Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

amounted to displays of ill-feeling not very long ago. Here time may come to the aid of leaders who seek a closer understanding, if these play their part as they should. It must be recognised, however, that on some issues the predominantly Moslem states will continue to take a line which has no special significance for Persia. This feature was sharply exemplified at the opening. The manner in which it was voiced may have caused

so, however, he has to do a balancing act. His inner policy is largely framed on suspicion of Egypt and almost equally of Syria, the two Left-Wing and Russian-influenced Arab states. He is at the same time loyal to Arab ideals. And his position is such that in his public utterances he is compelled to stress this latter element in his

attitude at the expense of the former. And there is certainly no make-believe in the dislike of Israel which he expresses.

He led off with an indictment of Israel, accusing her of many lawless acts, unjustifiable aggressions, and provocations. He could justify most of what he said—with the proviso that Israel had been sinned against, most of all by Egypt, as well as sinning. This he naturally did not add.

On the subject of Kashmir he had a sympathetic word for the position of Pakistan, to which no other member was likely to take exception. What he had to say on Algeria was, of course, anti-French. On Cyprus he extended the hand of friendship to another member of the Pact, Turkey, and that, so far as he has been reported, was his sole contribution to the problem. Plain speaking is all to the good—and much speaking on such occasions is woefully conventional—but these subjects are not, after all, among the primary objects of the Baghdad Pact.

From Istanbul to Quetta is

a distance of about 2400 miles, the line between them crossing a state which is not a member of the Pact, Afghanistan. Turkey touches territory of the Soviet Union; Iraq runs to within 150 miles of the frontier; the whole northern frontier of Persia is continuous with that of Russia on either side of the Caspian; and Pakistan almost shaves it. These nations have been described as the "Northern Tier" of a combined military and ideological system of defence. The ideological side is an important element. A glance at the map also shows that Iraq would be outflanked and Turkey overleapt by the establishment of strong hostile forces in Syria and Egypt.

It must, however, be realised that this is a comparatively remote danger, because it would almost inevitably bring on a war which there is no reason to suppose that Russia desires. The extent of Russian penetration of these countries, and the armament received by them from Russian sources, was dangerous and unwelcome enough, but it should not be exaggerated. It would take far more powerful forces assembled south of Turkey to exercise a vital threat to her, though the state of affairs which was developing when Britain and France intervened in November last was doubtless disquieting and distracting. So long as the arms are in Syrian and Egyptian hands only, Turkey is placed in no serious danger.

As to the value of the defence facing northward opinion is not agreed. This is not a matter of studying small-scale maps. We have to take account of deserts, of large parched and droughty regions, of communication which would be difficult in any conditions and perilous if exposed to attack from the air by "conventional" or other means. What is clear is the conviction of military authorities in our country and in the United States, as well as in the Eastern states, that it is worth while to establish a system of defence in the Northern Tier. If the Pact has been too much decried, we must not go to the opposite extreme now, but we can say that it amounts to much more than seemed likely at first sight.



"DESCRIBED AS THE 'NORTHERN TIER' OF A COMBINED MILITARY AND IDEOLOGICAL SYSTEM OF DEFENCE": A MAP SHOWING THOSE MEMBER STATES OF THE BAGHDAD PACT WHICH SHARE A COMMON BOUNDARY WITH THE U.S.S.R. WHILE TURKEY AND PERSIA ARE DIRECT NEIGHBOURS OF THE SOVIET UNION, NORTHERN IRAQ IS ABOUT 150 MILES FROM THE SOVIET BORDER.

Map reproduced by courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph."



"BY COMMON CONSENT A STATESMAN OF HIGH ABILITY": GENERAL NURI-ES-SAID, PRIME MINISTER OF IRAQ, WHOSE POLICY IS A COMPROMISE BETWEEN LOYALTY TO ARAB IDEALS AND SUSPICION OF THE RUSSIAN-INFLUENCED STATES, EGYPT AND SYRIA. HE TENDERED HIS RESIGNATION ON JUNE 8.

some surprise, but there was none about the direction from which it came, which was the city which gives the Pact its name.

General Nuri-es-Said, Prime Minister of Iraq, is a veteran who held command in the Hejaz War as a companion of arms of T. E. Lawrence. He is by common consent a statesman of high ability. He is never afraid of speaking out. When he does

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



FRANCE. AT A PARIS BARRACKS: MEN OF THE MELOUZA DISTRICT OF ALGERIA PREPARING TO RETURN HOME TO FIGHT THE TERRORISTS.

Algerians who worked in a factory near Paris arrived in Algiers recently after enlisting in the French Army. The 200 men come from the Melouza district in Eastern Algeria, and they decided to join the French forces after hearing of the death of some of their relatives in the Casbah massacre.



WEST GERMANY. AN UNUSUAL AIRLIFT: A LIGHT AIRCRAFT, DAMAGED IN A FORCED LANDING IN A FIELD NEAR STUTTGART, BEING REMOVED BY A U.S. ARMY HELICOPTER FOR REPAIRS. THE TRIP TO THE REPAIR SHOP WAS MADE SUCCESSFULLY.



THE NETHERLANDS. LAUNCHED IN AMSTERDAM: THE LEMSTERAAK, DE GROENE DRAECK, THE 49-FT. LUXURY YACHT, GIVEN TO H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRIX.



THE NETHERLANDS. WAVING DELIGHTEDLY: H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRIX WATCHING HER YACHT GLIDING INTO THE WATER AFTER SHE HAD NAMED IT DE GROENE DRAECK. When Crown Princess Beatrix of The Netherlands celebrated her eighteenth birthday on January 31, 1956, Dutch sailing enthusiasts, who knew the Princess's love of sailing, promised to give her a yacht. On June 4 the yacht, of a type known as a *Lemsteraak*, was launched by Princess Beatrix and named *De Groene Draeck* (The Green Dragon).

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



SWITZERLAND. A VERY RICH MAN'S PRIVATE AIRCRAFT: THE SHAIKH OF KUWAIT'S CONVAIR AIRLINER BEING OVERHAULED AT ZÜRICH AIRPORT.



SWITZERLAND. INSIDE THE SHAIKH OF KUWAIT'S PRIVATE AIRCRAFT: A BEAUTIFULLY UPHOLSTERED COUCH AND OTHER LUXURIOUS FITTINGS. The Shaikh of Kuwait, who is often said to be the richest man in the world, owns a private two-engine Convair airliner. At present this is being overhauled and re-decorated by Swissair at Zürich Airport. The luxurious interior is being fitted in Oriental styles.



ISRAEL. BLOWN UP BY A MINE NEAR THE GAZA BORDER: THE WRECK OF AN ISRAELI AGRICULTURAL TRACTOR, THE DRIVER OF WHICH WAS KILLED, AND THE ARMED GUARD SLIGHTLY INJURED. THE MINE WAS LAID DURING THE NIGHT. Israel is to complain to the Security Council against the killing of the driver when a tractor was blown up by a plastic mine near the village of Kisufim on May 29. Three days later an Israeli command car on patrol near the same spot was also blown up by a mine and four soldiers were injured.



ISRAEL. FOUND NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE ISRAELI COMMAND CAR WAS BLOWN UP: AN ITALIAN-MADE MINE.



ALGIERS. SHORTLY AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF A BOMB: THE SCENE NEAR A TROLLEYBUS STOP IN ALGIERS WHERE ONE OF THE THREE BOMBS EXPLODED ON JUNE 3. Tension was already rising in Algeria when, on the evening of June 3, three bombs exploded almost simultaneously at various points in the centre of Algiers. All three were placed at or near trolley-bus stops and at least two people were killed and some thirty were injured.



TEXAS, U.S. THE AFTERMATH OF HEAVY RAINSTORMS ON JUNE 1: A RAILWAY LINE NEAR AMARILLO BADLY BUCKLED BY FLOODS CAUSED BY MORE THAN 6 INS. OF RAIN. FLOODING HAS BEEN WIDESPREAD IN THE SOUTH-WESTERN UNITED STATES.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Above.)

ALGERIA. SOLDIERS ERECTING BARBED-WIRE BARRIERS IN A STREET IN ORAN WHERE STRONG SECURITY MEASURES HAVE NOW BEEN ENFORCED.

Following the recent intensification of terrorist activities in Algeria, security measures have been taken in Oran, where soldiers used barbed wire to block all the openings of small alleys leading into large streets. At night many streets in the city are patrolled by armed guards. The Bachgha Khoussa Adda, a former member of the Algerian Assembly, was burned alive in his car near Oran on June 4.



CYPRUS. IN NICOSIA: TWO BRITISH WOMEN POLICE OFFICERS, MEMBERS OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER UNIT OF WOMEN POLICE TO TAKE UP DUTIES IN THE ISLAND, PATROLLING A STREET.

(Right.)

PAKISTAN. IN KARACHI ON JUNE 3: MR. SUHRAWARDY, THE CHAIRMAN (CENTRE), OPENING THE BAGHDAD PACT COUNCIL. On June 3 Mr. Suhrawardy, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, opened the Baghdad Pact Ministerial Council, of which he was Chairman, in Karachi. The meeting was to last three days. During the opening session further British financial aid to the Pact was announced by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary. On the same day the U.S.A. formally joined the Military Committee. Captain Falls discusses the Pact on another page.



WEST GERMANY. AT A BONN CEREMONY: PRESIDENT HEUSS (CENTRE) WITH NEW MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN ORDER "POUR LE MERITE," AWARDED FOR CULTURE AND SCIENCE. Newly-elected members of the "Pour le Merite" seen here with the President—(l. to r.) Professor Liese Meitner, the atomic scientist; Professor Huber, the Swiss historian; Professor Heuss; Mr. Thornton Wilder, the American author; and Professor Carl Orff, the composer.



RUSSIA. PREPARING FOR HIS AMERICAN TELEVISION DEBUT: MR. KHRUSHCHEV (RIGHT) AND HIS INTERPRETER (CENTRE) DURING HIS INTERVIEW IN THE KREMLIN. On June 2 Americans throughout the United States saw and heard Mr. Khrushchev, Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, in an hour's television programme of a Kremlin Press conference in which he was interviewed by American correspondents.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE UNITED STATES. IN NEW YORK: THE SCENE AS DR. BILLY GRAHAM, THE EVANGELIST (LEFT), MADE HIS FIRST LIVE TELEVISION APPEARANCE.

Dr. Billy Graham, the evangelist, made his first live television appearance on June 1, in New York City. Dr. Graham, whose Crusade Chorus can be seen in the background of this photograph, started his New York crusade on May 15; it is to last for two months.



WEST GERMANY. AFTER ATTENDING THE DEDICATION OF A NAVY MEMORIAL IN WILHELMSHAVEN: FORMER GRAND ADMIRALS KARL DOENITZ (LEFT) AND ERICH RAEDER. On June 2 Karl Doenitz and Erich Raeder (centre, with his wife), both former Grand Admirals of the German Navy, attended the dedication of a Navy Memorial which commemorates men of all nations killed at sea in both World Wars.



WEST GERMANY. NEAR KEMPTEN: THE SEARCH FOR BODIES AT THE SCENE OF THE ARMY MANŒUVRE TRAGEDY WHERE FIFTEEN SOLDIERS WERE SWEEPED AWAY IN THE RIVER ILLER.

On June 4 Dr. Adenauer called for a full inquiry into the accident on June 3 when a party of troops was swept away while fording the swollen River Iller, near Kempten. Two men were known to be drowned and no trace was found of thirteen men who were missing. Two N.C.O.s were placed under arrest.



THE UNITED STATES. LOOKING LIKE A MAN FROM MARS: CAPTAIN J. W. KITTINGER ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS RECORD BALLOON FLIGHT NEAR ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

In our last issue we published a photograph of Captain J. W. Kittinger, of the U.S. Air Force, just before the flight in which he created a new altitude record when he reached a height of over eighteen miles in a balloon. Here we show Captain Kittinger receiving a helping hand from an airman, shortly after he had returned to earth near St. Paul, Minnesota.



THE UNITED STATES. AT SAN FRANCISCO: THE BOWS SECTION OF WHAT IS CLAIMED TO BE THE FIRST AMERICAN WINE TANKER BEING LAUNCHED.

On June 4 the bows section of what is claimed to be the first American wine tanker was launched, complete with champagne, in San Francisco. Tugs took the hulk to a nearby dry-dock where it is to be welded to the already constructed stern. The vessel will carry Californian wine to New York.



THE UNITED STATES. AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER HAVING A "CHICKEN BOX LUNCH" WITH THE REPUBLICAN LEADER, MR. MARTIN. On June 3 President Eisenhower had a "chicken box lunch" with Republican members of the House of Representatives at the Capitol, as the guest of the Republican leader, Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr. After the lunch Mr. Martin said he had never attended "a friendlier gathering."



TESTING THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW SHIP-TO-AIR GUIDED MISSILE : A SEASLUG TEST MISSILE BEING FIRED FROM A RAMP ON THE GUIDED-WEAPONS TRIALS SHIP H.M.S. GIRDLE NESS.

On June 4 the Admiralty published further details of *Seaslug*, the medium-range weapon which the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty (Mr. Christopher Soames) informed the House of Commons, during the recent debate on the Navy Estimates, is designed to engage any enemy aircraft which evades the fighter defences of the Fleet. It will do so at any height at which modern aircraft are capable of operating and will be fitted on the four guided-weapon destroyers already ordered by the Admiralty. *Seaslug* is propelled by a sustainer motor and four boosts, the latter being jettisoned

after the missile has reached supersonic speed. It is operated and fired from positions within a ship without any personnel being required to be on duty in exposed places. Though a large number of officers and men are needed to maintain and prepare the missile, the crew engaged in the actual firing is smaller than that of a conventional gun turret in a major warship. The missiles are fired from a triple-ramp launcher which is automatically fed from a magazine below decks. Successful firings have been made at sea from the Navy's guided-weapons trials ship *Girdle Ness*.



WATCHED BY THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL PARTY: HER MAJESTY'S HORSE *DOUTELLE* ON HIS WAY TO THE START. HE FINISHED TENTH.



WATCHED BY THE QUEEN, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL (LEFT): LORD ROSEBERY TESTING THE GOING BY PRODDING THE TURF WITH HIS UMBRELLA.

DERBY DAY, 1957: ROYAL RACEGOERS WHO SAW *CREPELLO* WIN THE GREAT CLASSIC.



LEADING IN THE DERBY WINNER FOR THE SECOND TIME IN FOUR YEARS: SIR VICTOR SASSOON (LEFT) WITH *CREPELLO*, RIDDEN BY L. PIGGOTT.



ROYAL RACEGOERS LINING THE RAILS AT EPSOM DURING THE DERBY: (L. TO R.) THE PRINCESS ROYAL, H.M. THE QUEEN, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (CENTRE, HAND ON RAIL) AND PRINCESS MARGARET (IN WHITE COAT).

The Derby, traditionally the outstanding event in the racing calendar, attracted large crowds to Epsom on June 5. Before the racing began, loud cheers greeted the arrival of the Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester as they drove down the course in cars from Tattenham Corner. The Queen's horse *Doutelle*, ridden by W. H. Carr, did not—as many had hoped—give

her Majesty her first Derby win, for he only managed to finish tenth of the twenty-two runners. The Queen, who wore a coat of blue silk over a blue-and-white dress, was one of the first to congratulate Sir Victor Sassoon, whose horse, the short-priced favourite *Crepello*, ridden by L. Piggott, beat the Irish outsider *Ballymoss* by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths, with *Pipe of Peace* a further length away third. Sir Victor Sassoon also won the Derby in 1953 with *Pinza*.



THE FINISH OF THE 1957 DERBY AT EPSOM ON JUNE 5: THE FAVOURITE, SIR VICTOR SASSOON'S *CREPELLO*, RIDDEN BY L. PIGGOTT, WINNING BY 1½ LENGTHS.



A FINISH THAT WARMED MANY A BACKER'S HEART: *CREPELLO* PASSING THE FINISHING-POST 1½ LENGTHS IN FRONT OF *BALLYMOSS*, WITH *PIPE OF PEACE* THIRD.

THE FAVOURITE'S RACE: *CREPELLO*—DECISIVE WINNER OF THE 1957 DERBY AT EPSOM.

Sir Victor Sassoon's colt *Crepello* (by *Donatello II* out of *Crepuscle*) won the 178th renewal of the Derby Stakes at Epsom on June 5 in the fastest time since 1936. It was the second Derby victory for both the owner and the jockey, Lester Piggott, who rode a magnificent race, always maintaining a good position and biding his time until, with rather more than a furlong to go, he went into the lead to finish a most convincing winner. Second was

the Irish horse, *Ballymoss*, owned by Mr. J. McShain and ridden by T. P. Burns, while Mr. Stavros Niarchos's *Pipe of Peace* (A. Breasley up) was third. *Crepello*, who is trained by Mr. N. Murless, had already won the 2000 Guineas and there are high hopes that he will gain the Triple Crown by winning the St. Leger. This outstanding colt started the Derby as favourite at 6 to 4, and his win gave bookmakers one of their worst Derby days for many years.

A LIFE OF DEDICATION—LORD HALIFAX'S REMINISCENCES.

"FULNESS OF DAYS": By THE EARL OF HALIFAX.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE is a volume of reminiscences by one of the most outstanding figures of our time. Lord Halifax disclaims the title of autobiographer; he quotes in his "Foreword" a quotation made from Dryden by Augustine Birrell: "Anything," says glorious John Dryden, "though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself—in my opinion is still too much."

It's no good. However modest a man may be—and Lord Halifax has always been a modest, serving, man—he cannot conceal himself if he gives a fair account of his experiences. *Imprimis*: Lord Halifax lets the fact quietly out that he got a First at Oxford and then a Fellowship at All Souls. He then went early into Parliament: into that pre-Kaiser War Parliament, many of whose brilliant members were killed in the War. Thereafter he had a variegated sequence of jobs. He was Colonial Under-Secretary under Churchill (the experience is here recorded amusingly, as most experiences with Sir Winston are), he was then President of the Board of Education and Minister of Agriculture, then he became Viceroy of India, then Foreign Secretary, and then Ambassador to the United States. It rather looks as though the Men in Possession, whoever they were, thought, whenever they were in a jam, "We'd better send for Halifax; he's sound, and he's honest, and he can get on with other people." The truth percolates out from his own modest record. He even got on with Gandhi, and pays him a tribute. He admits that it was rather absurd that Gandhi, proclaiming the virtue of the cottage spinning-wheel, should have belonged to a party financed by the Bombay mill-owners. But he liked and respected Gandhi, albeit in a loin-cloth.

A few letters from other people are scattered about this pot-pourri (the term is Lord Halifax's) of a volume. The most human of all, to my thinking, is one from Stanley Baldwin, at the time of his resignation. Lord Baldwin (who had to retire because of increasing deafness, which ultimately became acute) was cruelly libelled in his lifetime and has been ignorantly, or maliciously, defamed since his death. Lord Halifax was never in doubt about his nobility of character, his utter unselfishness, his patriotism, his courage and his warm humanity. "I saw him regularly," he says, "through those gloomy days and learnt at close quarters how much King and country and Commonwealth were indebted to him for the steadiness with which he held in so true a balance his responsibilities to each. When he resigned after the Coronation in the following year, I wrote to wish him officially good-bye, and had this letter back, which gives a glimpse of the romantic, almost mystical, streak in his composition."

69 Eaton Square, S.W.
8th June, 1937.

MY DEAR EDWARD,

I shall value your letter as long as I live. Our friendship has been a very real thing to me and a real influence which I treasure.

This last ten days have been a strange time: a time that comes only once, and cannot recur.

All hearts seem open for the moment: most will close again, some perhaps be kept ajar, but it is very wonderful. I feel tired, happy, and at peace: and mighty humble. I wish my dear Dickens hadn't destroyed what is really a very beautiful word: but you will know all I mean by it.

I still have that sense of wonder that the Blessed Damozel shewed in her face as she leaned over the gold bar of Heaven. It wore off: so will mine. But it leaves something good, I hope, behind.

I hope indeed we may see something of each other: it will be a joy to me.

I won't say more: I am sitting among stacks of letters, but they are diminishing: but may all good be with you for long years.

Ever yours,
S. B.

A man can be judged both by the letters he has received and by the letters he has written. This letter throws light both upon the writer and upon the recipient. How many of the Prime Ministers of our time [I admit there were a good many Burne-Jones pictures in Arthur Balfour's house] have had an intimate acquaintance with



THE EARL OF HALIFAX WITH HIS FATHER, THE 2ND VISCOUNT HALIFAX, IN 1932. LORD HALIFAX'S FATHER DIED IN 1934 WITHIN A FEW MONTHS OF HIS NINETY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.



AT THE OPERA IN ROME IN JANUARY 1939: LORD HALIFAX (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, MUSSOLINI AND CIANO (RIGHT).

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Fulness of Days" by courtesy of the publisher, Collins.

Dickens and Rossetti? And to how many Cabinet Ministers of our time could such a letter be written with the assurance that "the man at the other end" would understand it?

Lord Halifax's valedictory is serene: "Here this story, such as it has been, must close; for the content of any time that may still remain to me is not likely to be of interest to anybody beyond myself and a very intimate circle. These chapters have covered or at least touched more

years than are allowed to reckon as the normal span, and as I have here wandered through them, the choice of things to be noted has been quite fortuitous. For the pen writes at the dictation of memory, and memory is a wayward mistress. Happily, though, she is kindly and indulgent of human frailty, and on the whole imitates the sundial which only records the hours when the sun shines. Even the hard shadows lose something of their sharp edge as the sun goes down. Certainly the thought that dominates all other, as the moving picture of seventy years travels across the screen, is one of great thankfulness both to God and man."

I think that the Index may have been home-made. Some specific details about people are recorded which the ordinary indexer would not think of; on the other hand, people are mentioned in the text and omitted from the index. For a small instance, Sidney Herbert, a very charming man who was at one time Baldwin's P.P.S., is in the index, and Aubrey Herbert, also a delightful person as well as a very adventurous one, is not. For a much bigger instance, Benito Mussolini is not in the index, though his son Bruno is! Yet Benito cuts quite a figure in the book; and, personally, no bad one. His disastrous invasion of Abyssinia was as great a precipitant of the last War (he dreaming of re-establishing the Roman Empire, with himself as Emperor, except in name) as was the invasion, in 1936, of the Rhineland, by Hitler (who likewise dreamt of the re-establishment of the Holy Roman Empire, with himself called not Emperor, but Führer). Lord Halifax, in the course of his duties, met them both—had

he, or his colleagues (especially Chamberlain, who, an honest and decent citizen, always seemed to me lost in national and international politics) ever confronted the reality of the "Night of Long Knives," or read that extremely plain-spoken, though dull, book "Mein Kampf," he must have known that negotiation with such people was not possible. Lord Halifax says, after describing a conversation with Hitler, "One had a feeling that we had a totally different sense of values and were speaking a different language." He didn't feel like that with Mussolini, whom he observed to be free from bombast, and not a bully.

As I have said, and as he said, Lord Halifax did not start out with the notion of writing an autobiography; he has written one, nevertheless. Every time that he records his reaction to some job he had to do, some crisis with which he had to deal, or some personality whom it was his fortune, or misfortune, to meet, he simply can't help revealing himself, in a way which never could have been achieved by Boswell or Pepys who (I speak symbolically) have told us about every time they took a Beecham's Pill. That self, I think every reader of his book will agree,

to his modest astonishment, is one of which it may be said, after a life of dedication in many spheres to which he has been called,

Whatever record leaps to light
He never shall be shamed.

Which was Tennyson's verdict on the Great Duke.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1001 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: THE EARL OF HALIFAX. Lord Halifax, who was born in 1881, was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, and All Souls, Oxford. In the course of a long career he has held many high ministerial offices and, at the age of forty-five, he was appointed Viceroy of India (1926-31). At the outbreak of World War II he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was later British Ambassador at Washington from 1941-46. He has been Chancellor of the Order of the Garter since 1943.

* "Fulness of Days." By the Earl of Halifax, K.G., O.M., etc. Illustrated. (Collins; 25s.)



THE PAGEANT OF NAVAL GUNNERY: MODELS AND SCENERY REPRESENTING, IN THE BACKGROUND, GUNNERY IN NELSON'S TIME, IN THE FOREGROUND, MODERN WARSHIPS, AND IN THE CENTRE, A GUIDED MISSILE AND H.M.S. GIRDLE NESS.



MALTA, GEORGE CROSS: A CRITICAL EPISODE IN THE DEFENCE OF THE ISLAND IN 1942 RE-ENACTED WITH GREAT REALISM.

AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: A THRILLING EPISODE IN THE DEFENCE OF MALTA AND A PAGEANT OF NAVAL GUNNERY.

Two striking performances in the Royal Tournament (June 5-22) which are both new to the programme are Malta, George Cross, a representation of a vital action in wartime Malta, and the Pageant of Naval Gunnery, which illustrates the development of naval armament. In 1942 Malta was in a state of siege and had been subjected to the most intensive bombing, the island being a vital centre from which convoys supplying Rommel

in North Africa could be attacked. With the defence system on its last legs, and incoming convoys being savagely attacked, a final desperate effort was made to fly sixty-one Spitfires on to the island. This drama is vividly represented at Earls Court. The Pageant of Naval Gunnery shows cannons of Nelson's day in action, a sea episode of the last war, and the firing from a model of H.M.S. *Girdle Ness* of a miniature guided missile.



AN EXCITING INNOVATION IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: FROM NATIVE WARRIOR TO SOLDIER OF THE QUEEN—A DISPLAY GIVEN BY THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.

An exciting innovation in this year's Royal Tournament at Earls Court, which continues until June 22 and opened on June 5, is the Tribal Display and Drill performed by The King's African Rifles. The theme of the display is the transformation of East African tribesmen into trained and disciplined soldiers of The King's African Rifles. A bugle call is sounded from a tower and into the darkened arena moves the first of three tribal groups, illuminated by a

spotlight, and performing African dances as they proceed across the ring towards the tower. There is more dancing, and also drumming and chanting and acrobatics, as the other two tribal groups, with their primitive traditional dress, follow the first. At the tower the tribesmen, played by members of the Regiment, offer themselves as recruits to The King's African Rifles. Next follows a drill display, to the accompaniment of a band and drums, and the smart

regimental marching and arms drill, together with the khaki uniforms and highly-polished army boots, make a most effective contrast with the tribal rites of the earlier scene. Besides the Tribal Display and Drill there are nine other exciting items in the programme of the Royal Tournament, a show which each year provides a very special type of entertainment and also enables substantial funds for Services charities to be raised. Two other new items

are the Pageant of Naval Gunnery, and a scene showing critical events in wartime Malta, in which two fighter aircraft, with engines roaring, are taxied into the arena. Among the old favourites there is the exciting Naval Field Gun Competition, the Musical Ride and the Royal Horse Artillery's Musical Drive. Musical highlights are the impressive massed bands of the Royal Marines, and the exciting drums, pipes and bugles of the North Irish Brigade.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Juliet Pannett, S.G.A.



IN SCOTLAND'S GARDENS.



IN an article which appeared on this page during the strange phoney period when petrol rationing was a topic for conversation—and little more—I came to

the rescue with a suggestion for making good use of one's surplus petrol. The idea was to visit gardens. Invest in that admirable publication "The Gardens of England and Wales," Open to the Public under the National Gardens Scheme. Illustrated guide, 1957, price 1s. 6d., and to be obtained from the Organising Secretary, 57, Lower Belgrave Street, London, W.1. I give these details in full because there are so many people who know vaguely that there is a scheme by which some of the finest gardens in the country may be visited, on certain days, but who are not aware that there is this guide, by the aid of which they can plan a whole season of garden visits, both those near to their own homes, and others further afield, which might involve a longer expedition, or which might be taken in during holidays away from home.

In just that same vague way I have known, or guessed, that there was a similar scheme for seeing gardens in Scotland, but have not, until quite recently, seen or possessed a copy of the companion volume to "The Gardens of England and Wales," "Visit Scotland's Gardens, 1957." I have one now, however, and studying the list of gardens which may be visited, and especially the beautiful illustrations of some of the gardens, and in some cases their attendant castles, makes me very very restless. Let me, therefore, let you in on this good thing, especially as you will, of course, be going to the Edinburgh Festival this year. A number of historic houses and famous gardens near Edinburgh will be open to visitors during the Festival. All information about visiting these can be obtained during the Festival from the Gardens Scheme desk at the information bureau in the Festival Club. Scotland's Gardens Scheme has been organised each year since 1931, and since then it has raised £271,768. Last year it raised £11,947. The bulk of the money raised goes to the Scottish Queen's Nurses Pensions, and the remainder is allocated to other good causes.

If you are planning to visit Scotland this summer, write to the General Organiser, Scotland's Gardens Scheme, Miss Alice Maconochie, 26, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh, 1, for a copy of "Visit Scotland's Gardens, 1957."* In fact, even if you are not planning to go to Scotland this summer,

NORTH OF THE BORDER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

I suggest that you write for a copy just the same, for then you almost certainly will start planning for a visit in the very near future.

Three years ago the organisers of Scotland's Gardens Scheme decided, as an experiment, to run a coach tour of some of the best houses and gardens in Scotland. It lasted for five days, and was so successful that they ran two such tours in each succeeding year. Details of the tours for this year may be had from the General Organiser as above. Scotland's Gardens Scheme also does a great deal of work for visitors from overseas, arranging itineraries for them and getting permission for them to visit particular gardens. That is splendid work indeed!

During the past few years the Scotland's Gardens Scheme organisers have been doing

everything possible to interest dwellers in new housing areas in the scheme, with a view to encouraging them to start their own small gardens. They have found

in that connection that the opening of small gardens is very popular, and, consequently, they try to arrange that perhaps three or four gardens in one area or village are open on the same day, making a combined charge for admission for all of them. They did this with very great success in Kirriemuir last year, and the owners said afterwards that the keenest interest was shown in the layout of each garden, and in the plants grown. Incidentally, the organisers nowadays always have a considerable number of visitors, to all openings, who come to get help from the gardeners in charge of the visited gardens, about how to grow vegetables and fruit as well as flowers. At one opening—Dawyck, in Peeblesshire—the local Horticultural Adviser regularly gives a demonstration of some particular aspect of gardening. This is always immensely popular, and may account in part for the fact that the opening at Dawyck invariably makes over £100. A truly wonderful feature of this Scotland's Gardens Scheme is that by far the greater number of the garden-owners generously provide tea!

There is one special delight in visiting the gardens of Scotland in summer. When summer in England, and especially Southern England, is becoming what might be called a trifle middle-aged, and gardens are beginning to lose their freshness, the first fine carefree rapture of May and June,

in fact when autumn begins to loom—a good many weeks ahead but, nevertheless, looming—one can go to Scotland and find the youth and freshness of spring or early summer all over again. If you take your holiday by going south, on the Continent, you will find just the reverse; the schoolgirl complexion of gardens and the countryside has become positively raddled. So try going north instead of south. In fact, cheat the season for a change, and enjoy a second spring.

There is, too, a further inducement to visit Scotland and Scotland's gardens, if you are a strawberry addict. Fresh strawberries and cream, who isn't? By going north one can prolong the strawberry season by many weeks. Until (almost) you are scunnered of them. I can not help wondering if those generous hosts who provide tea for those who visit their gardens on "open" days provide strawberries, too. I almost said strawberries and cream!



THE HOUSE ON THE SHORE, KIRCUDBRIGHTSHIRE: ONE OF THE MANY HOUSES OPEN TO THE PUBLIC THIS SUMMER UNDER THE SCOTLAND'S GARDENS SCHEME TO WHICH MR. ELLIOTT REFERS.

This garden, which belongs to Mrs. Blackett-Swiny, at Arbigland, Kirkbean, has a unique position on the shore with views across the water to the Cumberland mountains and has many interesting garden features. It is open this year, under the scheme, on August 18 from 2 to 6 p.m.—and tea can be obtained. ("Scottish Field" Photograph.)

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day.

For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department.

For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.			6 months and Xmas No.			6 months without Xmas No.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
United Kingdom and Eire ...	6	1	6	3	3	0	2	18	6
Overseas ...	5	19	0	3	1	9	2	17	6
United States ...	5	19	0	3	1	9	2	17	6
	(or \$16.50)								
Canada ...	5	14	6	2	19	6	2	15	0
	(or \$16.00)								

ORDERS TO: SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT (LN), INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

*This booklet is free, but contributions towards its cost are welcomed.

THE WEINBERG COLLECTION: AN OUTSTANDING SALE AT SOTHEBY'S.



"JEUNE TAUREAU DANS UN PRE," PAINTED BY EDOUARD MANET (1823-1883) AT VERSAILLES IN 1881; IN THE IMPORTANT SALE OF THE WILHELM WEINBERG COLLECTION AT SOTHEBY'S ON JULY 10. (Oil on canvas; 31½ by 39 ins.)



"LA MAISON BLEUE A ZAANDAM"; A SUPERB PAINTING OF 1871 BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926). THERE IS ALSO ONE OF MONET'S WELL-KNOWN PAINTINGS OF A ROCKY COAST IN THIS SALE. (Oil on canvas; 17½ by 23½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT DE MADAME CEZANNE," PAINTED BY PAUL CEZANNE (1839-1906) IN ABOUT 1871-73. THIS PORTRAIT WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF THEO VAN GOGH. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 14½ ins.)



"JEUNES BAIGNEURS BRETONS"; A FAMOUS WORK BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903), WHICH WAS PAINTED AT PONT AVEN IN 1888. IT WAS IN THE 1955 GAUGUIN EXHIBITION IN EDINBURGH AND LONDON. (Oil on canvas; 36½ by 28½ ins.)



"JEUNE FEMME AU CORSAGE ROUGE"; A DELICATE PORTRAIT BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919) WHICH WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1884-88. (Oil on canvas; 24½ by 20½ ins.)



"LES USINES A CLICHY," PAINTED BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890) IN PARIS IN 1887, SHORTLY BEFORE HE MOVED TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. IT WAS SOLD IN A PARIS SALE IN 1894 FOR 100 FRANCS. (Oil on canvas; 21½ by 28½ ins.)



"LE SISSERAND"; A WATER-COLOUR DRAWN BY VAN GOGH AT NEUNEN IN 1884. THERE ARE TEN WORKS BY VAN GOGH IN THIS SALE, THE PROCEEDS OF WHICH WILL GO TO CHARITY IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS OF MR. WEINBERG'S WILL. (Water-colour; 11½ by 17½ ins.)

Fifty-six works from the collection of the late Wilhelm Weinberg of Scarsdale, New York, who went to the United States as a refugee from the Nazis, are to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's, 34 and 35 New Bond Street, on July 10. The collection includes many of the famous names of the Impressionists and their successors, and has been widely acclaimed as both the most important collection sent to a London auction room from the United States since the abolition

of currency restrictions, and as the most outstanding group of these very valuable modern works to be sold at auction in London. The bronzes include most interesting examples by Daumier, Degas, Maillol, Minne, Picasso and Renoir. Among the paintings not shown here are three flower pieces by Henri Fantin-Latour, three small paintings and three powerful *crayon conté* drawings by Seurat, and two fine paintings and four drawings by Pissarro.



THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR at Grosvenor House, by now firmly established as a normal if faintly exotic event of the month of June, is uncommonly difficult to describe and next to impossible to illustrate with any justice. If one calls it a particularly distinguished bazaar one is liable, quite innocently, to give offence, for the word bears the implication of shoddiness; if an



FIG. 1. "A JAMES I SILVER SALVER WITH AN UNUSUALLY INTERESTING HISTORY": ONE OF THE PIECES AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR, GROSVENOR HOUSE, WHICH FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES IN HIS ARTICLE. (Diameter, 15 ins.) (Asprey and Co. Ltd.)

exhibition, one is wrong again, for there's nothing static about it and something new can be seen every day; and even its official title, though near enough, does not wholly convey that atmosphere of quality which, by good stage management and a remarkably fierce censorship, the organisers achieve so successfully. I need scarcely add that by censorship I do not mean censorship as understood by the Lord Chamberlain, but the careful expertise of the various committees which ensures that whatever is displayed is what it is said to be; I've seen them at work and know they take their duties seriously. All one can really accomplish



FIG. 3. "AN INGENUOUS ANTICIPATION OF MODERN CONTRAPTIONS" FOR LIFE IN CRAMPED QUARTERS: A SEVEN-LEGGED MAHOGANY DRINKING TABLE OF c. 1790, SEEN FULLY EXTENDED. (M. Harris and Sons.)

is to look about and choose a few out of the thousands of objects on view in the hope of presenting a cross-section of the show as a whole—something that will at least enable the reader to inhale the bouquet of an unknown vintage or two. The point is that in this sort of show there are, in addition to the standard offerings—the fine clocks by Thomas Tompion, for example, or such a typical Romney as the portrait of Mrs. Montague Burgoyne—numerous out-of-the-way things of a type or by people unknown to fame.

Who outside a narrow circle of erudite collectors of early nineteenth-century drawings knows anything about Thomas Medland, who, I'm told, was a drawing master at Haileybury long before

the school was founded? And who would guess that this obscure person would take it into his head in 1814 to walk over to Panshanger and paint the famous Panshanger oak in oils—the only known oil painting by him, though I dare say there are others masquerading under other names. The tree still stands, preserved by concrete and a protection order, and was long ago recognised as the stateliest oak in South-East England, with its vital statistics (what a phrase!) recorded with modern film-star enthusiasm—thus, in 1802, at a height of 5 ft., its girth was 17 ft.—in 1905, 21 ft. 4 ins. (Fig. 2).

Among the silver is a James I salver with an unusually interesting history (Fig. 1). On July 2, 1600, young Sir Edward Cecil, grandson of the great Lord Burghley and subsequently Viscount Wimbledon, found himself in command of a troop of cavalry under Prince Maurice of Nassau. Their opponent was the formidable Archduke Albrecht of Austria, Governor of the Netherlands. Maurice, with the combined English and Dutch force, had reached Nieuport with the object of capturing Dunkirk. The Spaniards attacked, but after a preliminary success had their flank turned, and the Archduke was compelled to abandon his equipment. Cecil's share of the spoils was the Archduke's silver. Sixteen years later he evidently decided that his loot was hopelessly out of fashion, so he had it melted down and reshaped. The silver bears the following inscription: "The Dishes of the Archduke gotten at The Battle of Nieuport" and "Taken by the Lord Viscount Wimbaldon in the year 1600"—a memorial of a forgotten battle which, at the time, caused no small stir, for it proved that the hitherto invincible Spanish infantry could be checked.

A pair of Adam commodes which have come back to England from the Rovensky Collection in New York can claim to represent the highest achievement of the English cabinet-maker during the latter part of the eighteenth century; they

can, to my mind, stand beside the more famous documented pieces from Chippendale's workshop at Nostell Priory and Harewood House (Fig. 4), while those who are attracted by elegant eccentricities will find the severely plain mahogany table (Fig. 3) an ingenious anticipation of modern contraptions designed to make life possible in cramped quarters. In the photograph the table is seen opened out fully, with each of its seven legs taking its proper share of the weight; it can be folded neatly into a

compact side table. This is an unusual and simple device and a reminder that many more complicated pieces of furniture were in vogue towards the end of the eighteenth century, notably pretty little dressing-tables, often in satinwood, which look innocent enough, but which open out to reveal a mirror and numerous boxes, drawers, and so forth—all beautifully made and sliding in and out as if on ball-bearings.

Nice types like myself and those who read this page can never be quite sure which is the more pleasant—the sparkle of early jewellery or the gleam in feminine eyes as their owners grow covetous. The other problem difficult to solve is why, on the average, jewellers began to grow

ham-fisted after about 1820, and lost the art of designing anything half so graceful as those diamond sprays of ears of wheat, and so forth, which grew in such profusion and apparently thoughtlessly during the last fifty years of the eighteenth century.

But that's by the way—we move on to the immemorial East, which this year, as always, provides its quota of fine forms and varied colour almost as if the cataclysm of the last two decades had never happened. I note, among much besides, a T'ang Dynasty horse, covered in amber and green glazes, with a proudly arched neck, who would be the pride and joy of any county



FIG. 2. A PORTRAIT OF A TREE: "THE GREAT OAK AT PANSHANGER," PAINTED BY THOMAS MEDLAND IN 1814. THIS FAMOUS TREE STILL STANDS TO-DAY AND IS THOUGHT TO BE AT LEAST 400 YEARS OLD. (Oil on canvas; 44 by 55 ins.) (Sabin Galleries.)

agricultural show in England this summer, though the judges might be in some difficulty about assigning him to a modern category; numerous jades in which the carving is nicely—indeed marvellously—adjusted to the chance markings of the material, some magisterial early bronzes, that is, from about 1000 B.C. onwards, and the usual display of many-coloured porcelains down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, which—in spite of current theories to the contrary—remain



FIG. 4. BROUGHT BACK TO ENGLAND FROM THE ROVENSKY COLLECTION IN NEW YORK: ONE OF A PAIR OF ADAM HAREWOOD MARQUETRY COMMDES OF c. 1780. THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR CONTINUES UNTIL JUNE 27. (Height, 34 ins.) (Mallett and Son Ltd.)

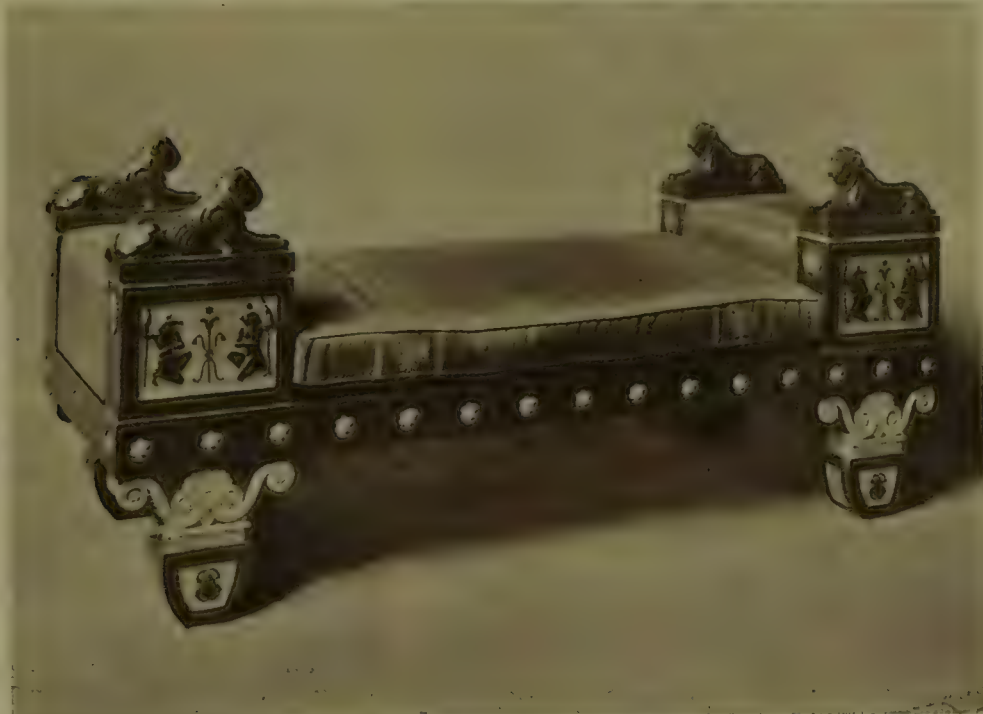
not merely in public favour but, I suggest, constitute the chief glory of several centuries of Chinese experiment in the potter's craft.

Nor, for those whose taste or whose pockets do not aspire to these heights of connoisseurship, is there any lack of odds and ends at a pound or two each—entertaining enamel boxes, for example, wine-glasses of ordinary type as opposed to rarities, lustre mugs of no great significance, the silver thimble or coffee-spoon—in short, the spoils of a thousand auction rooms from up and down the country, gathered together for a couple of weeks under one roof.

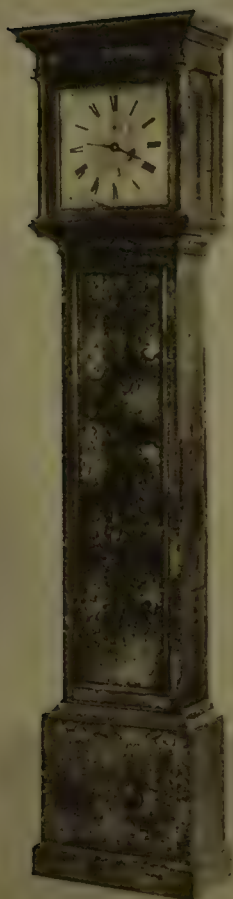
AT THE 1957 ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: FURNITURE, A CLOCK, AND A MODEL COACH.



(Above.)
DESIGNED BY THOMAS HOPE
(1769-1831) FOR HIS REGENCY
DRAWING-ROOM AT DEEP-
DENE, DORKING, SURREY:
ONE OF A PAIR OF ARM-
CHAIRS WHICH ARE TO BE
SEEN AT THE ANTIQUE
DEALERS' FAIR.
(H. Blairman and Sons,
Ltd.)



A REMARKABLE FANTASY ON THE ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT: THE SETTEE FROM THOMAS HOPE'S REGENCY DRAWING-ROOM WHICH WAS ENTIRELY MODELLED ON EGYPTIAN MOTIFS. (H. Blairman and Sons, Ltd.)



(Left.)
IN A VERY FINE BURR
WALNUT CASE: A
LONGCASE STRIKING
CLOCK BY THOMAS
TOMPION WITH A
MONTH DURATION
MOVEMENT.
(Movement No. 327.
Height, 83 ins.)
(Mallett and Son, Ltd.)



(Right.)
PAINTED WITH ADAM
DECORATIONS: A
SMALL PINE RE-
GENCY BOOKTABLE
WITH OAK-LINED
DRAWERS.
(Width, 19 ins.; Height,
42 ins.) (The General
Trading Co. Ltd.)



BEARING THE LABEL OF MACK, WILLIAMS AND GIBTON: AN OUTSTANDING SHERATON MAHOGANY WINE DUMB-WAITER. (Height, 44½ ins.) (Phillips and Rixon, Ltd.)



A RARE HEPPLEWHITE OVAL SATINWOOD AND MAHOGANY WRITING-TABLE WITH A GREEN TOOLED LEATHER TOP. (Height, 28½ ins.) (M. Harris and Sons.)



MADE IN 1802 BY WILLIAM MERRYWEATHER, SENIOR: A SUPERB SCALE MODEL OF A DARK GREEN STATE COACH. BELOW IT IS THE DOCUMENT RECORDING MERRYWEATHER'S ADMISSION INTO THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON. (Lories, Ltd.)

The seventeenth Antique Dealers' Fair, which H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester arranged to open on June 12, is to continue in the Great Hall at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, until June 27. The Fair is open daily, except on Sundays, from 11 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. Once again an

astounding variety of exhibits has been gathered together by the eighty-four dealers who have stands in this year's Fair. There is ample scope for all collectors to find something to their special taste, or to be tempted to break new ground. Frank Davis writes about the Fair in his article this week.

THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: FINE PIECES FROM EAST AND WEST.



ILLUSTRATING THE LEGEND OF THE SACRED GIRDLE: A FINE NOTTINGHAM SCHOOL ALABASTER OF THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY. (Height, 21 ins.) (S. W. Wolsey.)



OF THE TIME OF FAUSTINA THE ELDER: AN IMPRESSIVE ROMAN MARBLE BUST OF A LADY. SECOND CENTURY A.D. (Height, 15 ins.) (Spink and Son Ltd.)



BELONGING TO AN OUTSTANDING PERIOD OF CHELSEA PORCELAIN: A PAIR OF RED ANCHOR POTPOURRI VASES DECORATED WITH PHLOX BLOSSOM. (Delomosne and Son, Ltd.)



DECORATED IN GREEN, YELLOW, AUBERGINE AND ROUGE-DE-FER ENAMELS: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE PORCELAIN TUREEN AND COVER IN THE FORM OF A COCKEREL. (Height, 9½ ins.) (John Sparks Ltd.)



MANJURSI, GOD OF WISDOM, SEATED ON A STANDING LION: A MING BRONZE GROUP DECORATED WITH VARIOUS LACQUERS. (Height, 26½ ins.) (Spink and Son, Ltd.)



COVERED WITH AN AMBER GLAZE AND DAPPLIED IN PLACES IN A GREEN GLAZE: AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE T'ANG POTTERY FIGURE OF A HORSE WITH AN ARCHED NECK. (Height, 22 ins.) (John Sparks, Ltd.)



A SWISS PEARL SET GOLD MUSICAL WATCH OF C. 1810 WITH AN ARTICULATED MECHANICAL SCENE IN FOUR-COLOUR GOLD ON THE FRONT. (Wartski, Ltd.)



A RARE EARLY CHINESE BRONZE OF THE CHOU DYNASTY (1122-249 B.C.): A BOWL-SHAPED TING TRIPOD OF THE SECOND STYLISTIC PHASE. (Height, 10 ins.) (Bluett and Sons.)



FROM THE HAREWOOD COLLECTION RECENTLY SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S: A GERMAN 17TH-CENTURY SILVER POMANDER IN THE FORM OF A SKULL WITH SIX SPICE COMPARTMENTS. (Walter H. Willson, Ltd.)

The collector of antiques is usually an admirer of skilled craftsmanship, and though at the Antique Dealers' Fair he will get an especial thrill when he finds a new addition to his own collection he will also, as he wanders round, be delighted in the magnificent craftsmanship revealed in so many of the exhibits.

Thus pieces such as the two Chelsea potpourri vases shown here will appeal to him as outstanding *tours de force* of the porcelain factory, and the tiny pomander in the form of a skull as a fascinating revelation of at least one seventeenth-century German silversmith's skill.

AT THE 1957 ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: NOTABLE PORTRAITS AND SILVER.



BROUGHT BACK TO THIS COUNTRY FROM THE UNITED STATES: "MRS. MONTAGUE BURGOYNE," BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). (Oil on canvas; 29½ by 24 ins.) (Thos. Agnew and Sons, Ltd.)



IN A GOLD LOCKET FRAME CONTAINING A LOCK OF THE SITTER'S HAIR: A MINIATURE PAINTING OF THE PRINCE REGENT BY RICHARD COSWAY. (Charles Woollett and Son.)



IN A MAGNIFICENT FRAME OF THE PERIOD: "LADY ST. QUINTIN," A CHARMING PORTRAIT BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-88). (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Sabin Galleries.)



MADE BY J. MORTIMORE OF PLYMOUTH, IN c. 1698: A HANDSOME WILLIAM III PORRINGER WHICH IS BEING EXHIBITED BY A DEVON-SHIRE FIRM. (Height, 3½ ins.) (Wm. Bruford and Son, Ltd.)



FROM ARUNDEL CASTLE IN SUSSEX: A MOTHER-OF-PEARL BOX, ON THREE LION FEET WITH SILVER-GILT MOUNTS, MADE IN 1580-1600. (Height, 5½ ins.) (How (of Edinburgh) Ltd.)



A WILLIAM III "MONTEITH" BOWL MADE BY ISAAC DIGERTON IN 1698. THE "MONTEITH" BOWL, SAID TO BE NAMED AFTER A SCOTSMAN WHOSE CLOAK HAD A SCALLOPED EDGE, HAS A NOTCHED EDGE TO HOLD FOOTED GLASSES FOR CHILLING. (Diameter, 11½ ins.) (Garrard and Co., Ltd.)



BY ONE OF THE GREATEST EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILVERSMITHS: A DISH AND EWER BY PAUL LAMERIE—THE DISH DATED 1737, THE EWER 1736. (Height of ewer, 15 ins.) (S. J. Phillips.)

As well as the many outstanding pieces shown by the dealers, the Antique Dealers' Fair, which continues at Grosvenor House until June 27, features a number of important pieces lent by members of the Royal Family and the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. Her Majesty the Queen has graciously



COMBINING GREAT RARITY WITH EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY: A CHARLES I SILVER TAZZA MADE IN LONDON IN 1638. (Diameter, 6 ins.) (How (of Edinburgh) Ltd.)

lent three pieces from the Royal Collection. Outstanding among them is the silver table from the Van Dyck Room at Windsor Castle, which was presented by the Corporation of London to King William III and Queen Mary. There is also a memorandum in the handwriting of King George III.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MONSTERS: IN FACT AND (?) FICTION.

ONE of the newer exhibits in the Natural History Museum, in South Kensington, consists of the skeleton of a long-necked plesiosaur. To the right, as one enters by the main doors, is the bookstall, and behind this, so that it is not immediately apparent, is a large

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

them. Doubtless they did show themselves at the surface from time to time, but it seems unlikely that they did so habitually.

If, now, having taken our fill of this case containing *Cryptocleidus oxoniensis*, we wander into the adjacent galleries, we find more skeletons of plesiosaurs. On the walls to left and to right of us we find skeletons of *Romaleosaurus cramptoni*, the largest, from the alum shale of Whitby, in Yorkshire, being some 24 ft. long, according to my measurements by pacing the floor. On the same walls, and in a large glass case in the centre of the gallery, are a dozen or more skeletons of other species dug out in various other parts of Britain. Some are but a few feet long, but all, whatever their size, have the same general characteristics, and all have this outstanding

are prone to show themselves at the surface conspicuously and for long periods, while others, presumably, never expose themselves to view. This last remark is based upon the fact that there are a number of species of whales which have never been recorded at sea and are known only from a half-dozen or fewer skeletons stranded on the beaches. It may even be that there are other species of whales which have never been seen, have never become stranded, and of which we are in complete ignorance. One is not being extravagant, therefore, in suggesting that, during the Mesozoic period, there may have been some species of plesiosaur which sometimes sported themselves regularly at the surface and others that broke surface with more than their nostrils on very rare occasions only.

But why bother with such speculations? Because in the case containing the skeleton of *Cryptocleidus oxoniensis* there is a painted backcloth, depicting a scene in the shallow seas of the Mesozoic period. The artist has painted a calm sea with nine plesiosaurs at the surface, three in the foreground and six in the background.

Instead of showing the conventional picture, of a plesiosaur swimming with its long neck held high out of the water, he has shown each of the reptiles swimming with the head and a short piece of neck exposed, followed by a hump formed by the back, and a third hump formed by the tail. In fact, the artist, who doubtless worked under the guidance of a specialist in the study of fossil reptiles, has given us the nearest approach to the drawings made by eye-witnesses who claim to have seen the Loch Ness monster. Replace the beautiful light blues and greens of the Mesozoic seas, in this picture, by the waters of Loch Ness, leaden or at best silvery-lead on a sunny day, and the similarity is complete.

I wish Constance Whyte could have seen this before she completed her recent book, "More Than a Legend: The Story of the Loch Ness Monster" (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.). She might then have been more positive in some of her suggestions. As it is, nevertheless, she has given us the most complete survey to date of the history of the alleged appearances of the Monster. She has marshalled her evidence and endeavoured to show that not all the appearances of the Monster can be explained away as hallucinations, wave-action, wind on the water, shadows, floating logs and the rest. Then, assuming that there is a living organism of unusual proportions in the Loch, she examines the possibilities which might account for the traditional humps. She reaches no positive conclusions, being content to present the evidence together with her commentary. All this, and, more especially, some of the photographs, are as convincing as we could wish for in a phenomenon which has never been really investigated. Throughout the book, although Constance Whyte does not say so, one feels she has at the back of her mind something like the plesiosaur, or, at least, a survivor of this sort from other times which may at some time in the future give us a complete surprise, as the *Coelacanth* did in its day.

Certainly, to digest the contents of the book and then to stand and contemplate the scene painted behind the skeleton of *Cryptocleidus*, is to have an uneasy feeling of a strong familiarity between the two. To put it at its lowest, there is the outside possibility that there may have survived in Loch Ness, and in other Scottish lochs where water kelpies have from time to time been reported, another of the living fossils which at long intervals hit the headlines with dramatic suddenness.

A LARGE AQUATIC REPTILE WHICH LIVED IN THE SHALLOW SEAS, FEEDING ON FISH, DURING THE MESOZOIC PERIOD: ONE OF THE LONG-NECKED PLESIOSAURS WHICH BECAME EXTINCT 70,000,000 YEARS AGO SEEN IN A MODEL WHICH SHOWS WHAT THE REPTILE PROBABLY LOOKED LIKE IN LIFE.

Photograph by Neave Parker, reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

rectangular glass case containing the skeleton. The label in the case tells us that this is the skeleton of *Cryptocleidus oxoniensis*, one of the long-necked plesiosaurs, found in a clay-pit near Peterborough. It further informs us that these large aquatic reptiles lived in the shallow seas, feeding on fish, during the Mesozoic period and that they became extinct 70,000,000 years ago. This particular example is one of the most complete skeletons so far dug out of the earth, and in the left-hand corner of the case is a model showing what the reptile probably looked like in life.

According to this model, a plesiosaur had a rounded body, a neck almost as long as the body, a long tail and a head that is small compared with the body. This head could be described, according to taste, as being somewhat like that of a horse, but more flattened; or like that of a large dog with a sharply-pointed muzzle. There are four limbs, but these are paddle-like flippers, and they look as if they might have been capable of driving their owner through the water at a fair speed. The streamlining of the body also suggests that the plesiosaur might have been a rapid swimmer.

Looking at the head of this model, there is one feature that arrests attention. The nostrils are set well back, just in front of a line between the eyes, and higher up on the head than the eyes. In their position on the head they recall the blow-holes of whales. Indeed, the resemblance is so close that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they were used in much the same way. If that be so, then we can picture the plesiosaurs chasing fish well below the surface, coming up at intervals to breathe, and merely breaking surface with the rims of the nostrils without exposing any other part of the body above the water-line. It does not require a great deal of imagination to suggest that if we had lived those 70,000,000 or more years ago, we might have stood on the shore of those shallow seas, while a score of plesiosaurs hunted in the waters of the bay for hours on end without our seeing anything of

feature—that the nostrils are on top of the head. This is more pronounced in some than in others, and in at least one skull the nostrils must have represented the highest point on the head.

No doubt the different kinds of plesiosaur differed in temperament and habits, as they did in size. We find this also in whales. Some whales, such as the common dolphin and porpoise,



TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTER, TAKEN IN APRIL 1934 BY A LONDON SURGEON.

The upper photograph is reproduced by permission of the *Daily Mail*; the lower, taken immediately afterwards, had not been published before its appearance in the book "More Than a Legend: The Story of the Loch Ness Monster," by Constance Whyte, from which book both are taken. They are reproduced here by courtesy of the publisher, Hamish Hamilton.



WITH ALL SAILS SET FOR PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS: *MAYFLOWER II* SIGHTED FROM A FRENCH LINER SOME 385 MILES NORTH-EAST OF SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, IN THE WEST INDIES.

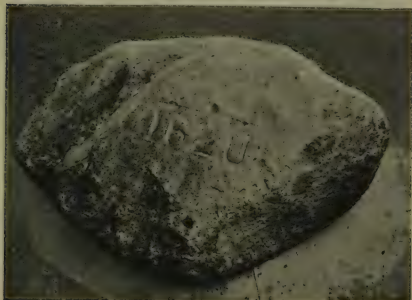
Since leaving Plymouth Sound on April 20, *Mayflower II* has pursued a steady, though somewhat slow, course, across the Atlantic towards Plymouth, Massachusetts, where she is ultimately to be moored as a symbol of friendship between Great Britain and the United States. During her voyage she has been sighted by a number of ships, including the French liner *Antilles*, from whose

deck this photograph was taken. On May 30, *Mayflower II* altered course and for the first time was heading straight for her destination. She was then sailing at 5 to 6 knots and still had some 1600 miles to go. At the time of writing (June 7) the latest report from *Mayflower II*'s master, Commander Alan Villiers, gave her position as 31 deg. North, 68 deg. 30 min. West.

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS. FINAL LANDFALL OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN 1620 AND OF THE MAYFLOWER II IN JUNE, 1957.



IN MEMORY OF THE INDIAN CHIEF, MASSASOIT, WHO SIGNED A PEACE TREATY WITH THE PILGRIMS WHICH WAS HONOURED FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS: A BRONZE STATUE, ERECTED IN 1921, NEAR PLYMOUTH ROCK.



PLYMOUTH ROCK, THE GRANITE BOULDER ON TO WHICH IT IS BELIEVED THE PILGRIMS STEPPED AS THEY LANDED FROM MAYFLOWER.



A VIEW OF PLYMOUTH HARBOUR AS IT IS TO-DAY. NOT FAR FROM HERE IS THE SPOT WHERE THE PILGRIMS LANDED.



REPLICAS OF EARLY PILGRIM DWELLING-HOUSES AND FENCING; THE THATCHED HOUSE ON THE LEFT REPRESENTS THE EARLIEST TYPE OF HOUSE BUILT BY THE PILGRIMS, AND ON THE RIGHT IS A HOUSE OF 1627.



THE SOLE SURVIVING HOUSE IN PLYMOUTH WHOSE WALLS HAVE ECHOED TO THE SOUND OF PILGRIM VOICES: HOWLAND HOUSE.

The idea for the Mayflower Project was first thought of about ten years ago, and on April 20 *Mayflower II* began her long voyage across the Atlantic which was due to end at Plymouth, Mass., this week. On arrival in America the ship is being presented to the Americans as a gesture of goodwill from the people of Britain. The unusual nature of the Mayflower Project has aroused great interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Among the most interested in the progress of *Mayflower II* have been the citizens of Plymouth, Massachusetts, since this replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' ship has

been destined to become an important exhibit in the replica Pilgrim village which is being built near the town. Plymouth has for a long time attracted thousands of visitors each year because of the town's great historic interest. *Mayflower II* will be a valuable addition to the other historical exhibits of the neighbourhood. She was to be berthed in the Eel River, near the replica Pilgrim village, following a visit to New York City, and possibly other places also, for the benefit of sightseers. During the building of *Mayflower II* many new Anglo-American ties have been established and existing ones

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS



WHERE THE PILGRIMS LANDED: THE FINE CANOPY IN WHICH IS HOUSED PLYMOUTH ROCK. TO THE LEFT IS "PLIMMOUTH PLANTATION."



A SCENE UNKNOWN TO THE FOUNDERS OF PLYMOUTH: A MAIN STREET OF THE TOWN AS IT IS TO-DAY.

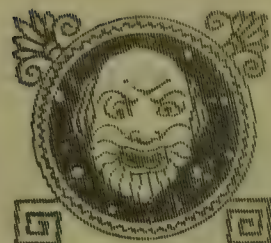
have been strengthened, and a pleasing feature of the project has been the fact that the replica ship has been designed by an American. The reconstruction of the Pilgrim village is to include dwelling-houses, a meeting house, a trading establishment, a fort and a museum. Close to the site of the village is Plymouth Rock, traditionally known as the stepping-stone for the Pilgrims as they disembarked from *Mayflower* and now situated under a fine commemorative portico or canopy of granite and at a level where at high tide it is washed by the sea. Sightseers can view the stone but are

not able to touch it; a crack in this historic boulder has been repaired with concrete, as can be seen in our illustration. The Pilgrim Fathers left Plymouth, in England, on September 6, 1620, arriving in America some three months later. Their first landing in the New World was made at Provincetown, and they afterwards sailed on to Plymouth. Although their migration enabled them to avoid ecclesiastical persecution, they met with many other difficulties in the New World, notably disease, which, in their first winter, almost halved their numbers.

P. WILSON, D.Sc., F.R.P.S.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



OKINAWA ALL THE WAY.

By ALAN DENT.

LOVELY ladies, kind gentlemen!—for so begins Sakini the interpreter, beginning the film in question—"The Teahouse of the August Moon" is quite the most delicious light entertainment since "The King and I," and many will like it even more, though its incidental music is too Oriental to be singable. For this is not a musical comedy—it is a miraculously light-fingered satire.

Its story is of a deceptive simplicity. Captain Fisby (Glenn Ford) is sent by Colonel Purdy, of the American Army Occupational Team (Paul Ford), to establish the recovery and welfare of Tobiki, an Okinawan village. This rare rascal called Sakini is to be his interpreter on the expedition. At a public open-air meeting Captain Fisby is showered with gifts, including a geisha girl called Lotus Blossom (Machiko Kyo), who causes much jealousy among the other ladies of the village. This problem is solved by Fisby—at Sakini's suggestion—setting up Lotus Blossom as instructor to something called the Ladies' League for Democratic Action. For it is the whole point of the expedition that, in Sakini's phrase, Tobiki—like every other village in Okinawa—should "undergo benevolent assimilation of democracy."

Fisby has been supplied with lumber for the building of a schoolhouse "in the form of Pentagon at Washington." The explanation of the word "pentagon" is a little beyond Sakini's English, but he can at least bring the natives to understand the word "school." When the word is defined, they shout in chorus: "Yes, we not want to be ignorant!" So the school is duly and ingeniously built in the form of a pentagon,

The end of the tale is somewhat too political for my comprehension. Washington, it seems, suddenly decides, after reading Colonel Purdy's report, that Tobiki should be used as "an example of American get-up-and-go in the recovery programme." So

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MARLON BRANDO AS SAKINI THE INTERPRETER IN THE M.-G.-M. PRODUCTION OF "THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "This irresistible rogue of an Okinawan interpreter called Sakini is Marlon Brando's most delightful performance to date. Delight, of course, was hardly the point of the 'mixed-up kids' with which he began his career, or of Tennessee Williams' Kowalski, or of Shakespeare's Mark Antony, or even of Sky Masterson in 'Guys and Dolls.' Neither, come to that, was high comedy. It is all the more pleasant, therefore, to hail a performance of high comic force and sheer delight in the film version of 'The Teahouse of the August Moon.' Never was an interpreter so amusingly interpreted."

the Americans, if you can follow the reason, withdraw, and there-joining villagers rebuild their teahouse in the short interval between watching the setting of the sun serenely, and hailing the

rising of the moon ecstatically.

Messrs. Ford and Albert are brilliantly dumb as the so-called improvers, Paul Ford is wonderfully stupid as Purdy, Miss Kyo is as fetching as Gilbert's Three Little Maids all in one, and the local colour is lovely. But the film belongs to Marlon Brando's Sakini—witty, worldly-wise, leering, winking, an intensely Oriental hobbledohoy, a rogue replete with false naïvety and an almost indecent amount of charm.

Other things have been going on besides the Okinawisation of America. There has been a very interesting film called "The Young Stranger," in which James MacArthur—the very latest thing in mixed-up kids—shows how profoundly an adolescent may be misunderstood by his parents. He is a spoiled boy—but spoiled rather with money than with affection and sympathy. He is involved in a spot of trouble with the police—springing principally from an ebullition of bad manners during a cinema performance. His case is well observed and well acted, and his father (equally well acted by James Daly) says something notable to this effect: "You can't just say what you like, or do what you want. Every morning I feel like staying in bed another hour or two. But I get up instead and do my work to keep this home going and to pay your school fees." This film, remarkably directed by John Frankenheimer, will provoke discussion in countless homes. It is unsensational, but it will not readily be forgotten.

Exactly the opposite, on both counts, may be said of two soporific dramas called "The Unholy Wife" (which has Diana Dors) and "Valerie" (which has Anita Ekberg). In one Miss Dors begins as a murderess in the condemned cell, and is seen for the rest of the time—in a set of complicated flash-backs—prancing about in tight-dresses with a loaded revolver clutched in one hand very much as an ordinary lady clutches a vanity-case. She has a husband in the shape of a Californian wine-merchant (played in a worried kind of way by Rod Steiger), an unhappy little son by a previous husband, a nervous mother-in-law, and a lover who comes to the back-window at dead of night when she is suppressing a yawn with one hand and clutching her gun with the other. In the other thing, called "Valerie," Miss Ekberg is lying dead at the start, and is seen for the rest of the time—in a set of complicated flash-backs—as the smiling but long-suffering wife of a sadistic farmer—State and period unspecified, though pretty far West and a long time ago. Valerie is much deplored by the neighbourhood, and only understood by a young new-coming parson (played in a preoccupied kind of way by Anthony Steel). But even his sympathy cannot avert tragedy, though he keeps trotting up to see her in a one-horse shay. "Was she vamp or victim?" asks the poster of this film. Miss Ekberg does



"A MIRACULOUSLY LIGHT-FINGERED SATIRE": "THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON"—A SCENE WITH (L. TO R., IN FRONT) LOTUS BLOSSOM (MACHIKO KYO), SAKINI (MARLON BRANDO), CAPTAIN McLEAN (EDDIE ALBERT) AND CAPTAIN FISBY (GLENN FORD). (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE; MAY 29.)

and it turns out, by what can only be called deliberate accident, to be much more of a teahouse than a school, and to be run by geishas rather than ushers or school-marms.

Fisby, moreover, when the sale of native handicrafts proves a failure, puts the village on a self-supporting basis by manufacturing a potent native brandy out of sweet potatoes. Colonel Purdy, at headquarters, is perturbed at this development and sends out a psychiatrist called Captain McLean (Eddie Albert) to report on the new development. Fisby's Okinawisation has been gradual; McLean's is instantaneous. And when the enraged Purdy comes on the scene to make a personal investigation he discovers the two clad in kimonos—the occasion being the opening of the teahouse—teaching the natives nothing more useful than the right way to clap hands during a rendering of "Deep in the Heart of Texas." Fisby is placed under technical arrest, and the teahouse is ordered to be torn down, though its component screens, bells, and lanterns are simply packed away ready for reconstruction in a matter of minutes, or rather less time than a moon-rise takes.



"THIS FILM, REMARKABLY DIRECTED BY JOHN FRANKENHEIMER, WILL PROVOKE DISCUSSION IN COUNTLESS HOMES": R.K.O.'S "THE YOUNG STRANGER"—AN INCIDENT FROM THE FILM WITH (L. TO R.) GRUBBS (WHIT BISSELL), HELEN DITMAR (KIM HUNTER), HER SON HAL (JAMES MACARTHUR), AND THE POLICE SERGEANT (JAMES GREGORY). (LONDON PREMIERE: LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE; MAY 30.)

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"BOY ON A DOLPHIN" (Generally Released; June 10).—The poor film-goer's summer cruise in the Greek islands. People keep coming between us and the scenery, but they include Sophia Loren, Alan Ladd, and Clifton Webb.

"THE FUZZY PINK NIGHTGOWN" (Generally Released; June 3).—A faltering comedy which will give some pleasure to all who remain adamantly loyal to Jane Russell.

"TIME WITHOUT PITY" (Generally Released; May 13).—Michael Redgrave, always an interesting and often a fine actor, has been seen in many better films, and in some worse, than this crime drama. He has good support from Ann Todd and Leo McKern.

not provide any very convincing answer either way, though at both beginning and end she lies dead very gracefully.

No, no! The fortnight belongs to the East rather than to the West. See—as the Brando Sakini tells you—Okinawa by the whim of gods pretending to be conquered. See lovely Teahouse gradually taking place of silly School. See utterly charming geishas and American soldiers utterly charmed. And so, *Sayonara*, lovely ladies, kind gentlemen!

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TO BE CHARGE D'AFFAIRES IN PEKING:
MR. ARCHIBALD D. WILSON.

Mr. Archibald Duncan Wilson, who has been Director of Research and Acting Librarian at the Foreign Office since 1955, has been appointed Chargé d'Affaires in Peking in succession to Mr. C. D. W. O'Neill. Mr. Wilson, who was born in 1911 and educated at Winchester and Balliol, entered the Foreign Service in 1947 and has served in Berlin and Belgrade.



TO REPRESENT GHANA IN LONDON:
MR. E. O. ASAFU-ADJAYE.

Mr. E. O. Asafu-Adjaye, a former Minister of Local Government and a prominent lawyer, has been appointed Ghana's first High Commissioner in the United Kingdom, it was announced by Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, on June 3. Mr. Asafu-Adjaye is to take over from the Acting High Commissioner, Mr. Hutton-Mills, some time before June 26.



A FORMER BISHOP OF BRADFORD:
THE LATE DR. A. W. F. BLUNT.

The Right Rev. A. W. F. Blunt, Bishop of Bradford from 1931 to 1955, died on June 2, aged seventy-seven. He was ordained after being appointed a Fellow and Lecturer at Oxford. He was an outspoken man and made a reference to King Edward VIII which precipitated the Abdication crisis. At one period he held extreme Socialist views.



A FORMER PREMIER OF IRAQ: THE LATE
SAYED SALIH JABR.

Sayed Salih Jabr, a former Prime Minister of Iraq, died at Baghdad on June 6. After being Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs and Minister of Finance, he succeeded, in 1947, General Nuri-es-Said as Premier. He announced ambitious schemes for developing Iraq's natural resources but fell from office over the Portsmouth Treaty with Britain which he negotiated.



M.P. FOR GLOUCESTER SINCE 1945:
THE LATE MR. TURNER-SAMUELS.

Mr. Moss Turner-Samuels, Q.C., died, aged sixty-seven, on June 6. He had been Socialist M.P. for Gloucester since 1945 and Recorder of Halifax since 1948. He was first apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, studying law in his spare time. He became a solicitor, and after serving in the First World War was called to the Bar in 1922 and took silk in 1946.



ON THE OCCASION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY OF PRINCE ALBERT, BROTHER OF KING BAUDOUIN: A FORMAL GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY. June 6 was the twenty-third birthday of Prince Albert de Liège, the son of ex-King Leopold and brother of King Baudouin. In the formal group of members of the Royal family, which was taken to mark the occasion, are (left to right) King Baudouin, Princess Marie Christine, Princess Liliane, ex-King Leopold with his youngest child, Princess Marie Esmeralda, Prince Alexandre and Prince Albert de Liège.



A LONDON JUDGE DIES: HIS HONOUR
A. R. THOMAS.

His Honour A. R. Thomas, who died on May 31, was Assistant Judge of the Mayor's and City of London Court from 1936 to 1954, and had been Recorder of Gloucester from 1932 to 1937. He was educated at Oxford and was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1902, and joined the Oxford Circuit, later being elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple.



OXFORD HONOURS AN AMERICAN POET: MR. ROBERT FROST (LEFT) WITH THE VICE-CHANCELLOR.

On June 4 the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred on Mr. Robert Frost, the American poet, in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, by the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Mr. J. C. Masterman. He was introduced by the Principal of Jesus, Mr. J. T. Christie, as the Public Orator's Deputy. That evening Mr. Frost read from his poems at the Taylorian Institute.



AN EASY GUIDE TO THE RENT ACT ISSUED: MR. BROOKE
DISPLAYS THE BOOKLET.

The Rent Bill received the Royal Assent on June 6 and the following day an official guide called "The Rent Act and You" was placed on sale. The issuing of the first edition of 400,000 was supervised by Mr. Brooke, the Minister of Housing and Local Government.



THE VICTOR BREAKS THE SOUND BARRIER: FLIGHT LIEUT.
J. W. ALLAM, A HANDLEY-PAGE TEST PILOT.

The Handley-Page Victor, Britain's four-jet crescent-wing bomber, has flown through the sound barrier, it was announced on June 6. One of the firm's test pilots, Flight Lieutenant J. W. Allam, was on a normal test flight when he noticed that his aircraft was exceeding the speed of sound. The bomber went through the sound barrier without difficulty.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

VILLAINS-IN-CHIEF.

By J. C. TREWIN.

CURTAIN-RISE on "Richard the Third" at the Old Vic reveals a long ramp (backed by a great prismatic spider's web) that shelves downstage, flanked on each side by shallow arches. Richard of Gloucester, acted in a way that no doubt horrifies every fervent supporter of the Fellowship of the White Boar, hobbles up menacingly before turning on us with "Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer by this sun of York."

The Piccadilly Theatre curtain rises upon a set like a highly elaborate doll's house with the front removed. It is a house in "Willesden Park," a London suburb, during the summer of 1911. This, so crowded, noisy, unfriendly, is the home of the Dysons (and their lodgers), and presently Frederick S. Dyson, insurance agent and "Great I Am," himself opens his front door and steps into the hall. It is an unobtrusive enough entrance, but the man brings with him an extraordinary sense of doom.

Now, writing some days after these premières, I find I remember Rodney Ackland's "A Dead Secret" more than I remember the revival of "Richard the Third." The reason is, simply, that Paul Scofield has merged himself entirely in the part, leaving with us, as he does so often, an impression of a haunted man. Robert Helpmann, as the Old Vic Richard, offers a showy performance that, for all its posturing, its spider-work, never chills me. One player seems to me to have approached his part from within, the other to have decorated it from without.

Certainly, of the two villains-in-chief, I choose now the greedy, arrogant (yet strangely withdrawn) Dyson, whom Frith Banbury has framed in his period with a singular accumulation of relevant detail. Nothing, I agree, could surpass Douglas Seale's Old Vic presentation of "Richard the Third"—as a production this is definitive—but it ought to frame more than a conventional ogre. I could listen to Scofield's thought; I could not listen to Helpmann's (and he is, as we know, a very good actor) simply because here he was playing Richard so self-consciously that I failed, even for a moment, to accept him as the man.

These comparisons can be trying; but the temptation this week is great. Each of the two figures dominates a theatre. Each play is murder speaking "with most miraculous organ," though Mr. Ackland would not pretend that his period-piece is more than a clever theatrical document.

Let me begin with this, "A Dead Secret." Mr. Ackland prefaces it with a careful programme-note: "The play was originally evoked by some of the more vivid circumstances of a celebrated case. The whole of the play and all the characters are in every other way fictitious, and bear no resemblance to any persons concerned in the real-life story." That granted, I think anyone who has read the Seddon case will find "A Dead Secret" absorbing.

I need not linger on the similarities: the old woman's hoard, the arsenical fly-papers, the pauper's funeral, the "commission" on the coffin. Let us say that Mr. Ackland's play is the story of a man driven by greed, an arrogant, brooding man who sees himself as unchallenged lord of his little world. Money is his god. No man would be less likely to understand Timon's invective against "this yellow slave." Dyson persuades one of his lodgers, a querulous old woman, to let him handle her financial affairs. Presently—between the first and second acts—she is dead. The play ends with Dyson's arrest. The outline is as simple as that, but the play is a complex, many-stranded fabric. Rodney Ackland, his director (Frith Banbury), and his designer (Reece Pemberton) have secured, with astonishing effect, the atmosphere of that dire suburban house, its cries and counter-cries, its bustling and squabbling, its listening at doors—I have never known a piece with so

much of this—the suspicion and fear and anger and hatred, the gradual falling of a dense black shadow across the hot, dusty sunlight. Outside, again and again, sounds the melancholy note of a cornet: something that plays strangely on the nerves.

Most remarkable, there is the atmosphere created by Paul Scofield. No actor in our theatre can say so much without uttering a word. He is deeply in the mind of the selfish, overbearing,



"NO ACTOR IN OUR THEATRE CAN SAY SO MUCH WITHOUT UTTERING A WORD. . . . PAUL SCOFIELD HAS MERGED HIMSELF ENTIRELY IN THE PART": PAUL SCOFIELD AS FREDERICK DYSON AND MADGE BRINDLEY AS MARIA LUMMUS IN A SCENE FROM "A DEAD SECRET."



"THESE PEOPLE ARE PHANTOMS RAISED FROM A LOST SUMMER, THE MORE TERRIFYING BECAUSE THEY ARE SO REAL . . .": "A DEAD SECRET," SHOWING THE SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH DYSON IS ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

This scene from Rodney Ackland's play, "A Dead Secret," at the Piccadilly Theatre, shows (l. to r.): Detective-Inspector Ward (John Saunders), Frederick Dyson (Paul Scofield), Policeman (Rupert Marsh), Mrs. Dyson (Megs Jenkins), Mrs. Culff (Maureen Delany), Pa Dyson (Harold Scott) and Peggy Dyson (Yvonne Bedford).

superstitious man, who lets sovereigns trickle through his greedy fingers. It is not merely the man's aspect. We are made free of his thought. At the last nobody could affect us more sharply than Scofield does in the moment of affection for his wife when we know, and they both know, that it must be the end. This is an actor's inspiration. Scofield has identified himself so closely with the man that, never slipping from

character for the sake of some transient (and forgettable) theatrical stroke, he conveys all that Dyson feels, everything that we want to understand. The future seems to open before us; it is dark indeed.

Throughout, Scofield builds the part so craftily that we do not see it being built. He transforms his voice (which was once said to have in it "the random music of the turning world") to a sombre-sullen rasp. The performance is complete: it will rank for me with Sir Laurence Olivier's study in "The Entertainer."

Looking back now, "A Dead Secret" appears to me to be a strange ghost-play. These people are phantoms raised from a lost summer, the more terrifying because they are so real, with none of the ghostly apparatus. On the night they "come like shadows, so depart," but they stay in our minds long after the play is over. If not a major work, and it is no more than an ingenious case-history, in the theatre it does make a powerful impact. Most of the performances are in key: those, for example, of Megs Jenkins as the terrified wife, Harold Scott as the old father, and Laidman Browne as a famous counsel (he is called Sir Arthur Lovecraft) who, though on the edge of accepting a brief for Dyson's defence, is repelled by his interview with the man in the Willesden Park house. (An unlikely interview, but excellent theatre.) There the "Great I Am" shows himself in his bravado, his pathetic pride, his miserable, unbelievable pettiness. During that quarter of an hour he is, in effect, on trial, and Sir Arthur, without speaking, brings in for us a verdict of "Guilty."

As I look at the programme now, its very arrangement is dominated by the brooding presence of one man: "Dyson's lodger, Dyson's clerk, Dyson's wife, Dyson's daughter, Dyson's father, Dyson's maidservant": so the roll goes on until it reaches Frederick S. Dyson himself. And that name releases in our mind an entire sordid story that takes on strange theatrical life. I am dubious about "Dyson's maidservant," a Dickensian creature, acted loyally by Jane Henderson, who is mad nor-nor-west and all parts of the compass, a being of caper-and-screach. Yet in her way she adds to the atmosphere of the place: she is the sort of maidservant Dyson would have. One complaint: the Piccadilly is a big theatre and some of the speaking is not wholly audible. Friends, look to 't!

So to a more lurid villain—that is, as Shakespeare draws him: hastily, I flutter a white handkerchief to the massed ranks of his supporters. I mean, the Red King, Richard the Third, "one raised in blood, and one in blood established." Douglas Seale, at the Old Vic, sends the great melodrama majestically on its way. I cannot praise enough his wealth of invention, the way in which he has manoeuvred and disposed his personages; the council scene (at that canted, crimson table) that brings death to Hastings; the wailing ghosts in the night-wind over Bosworth; even the heightening and splitting of the Scrivener's speech turned to a scene of its own. The production, then, is masterly. You will not see the play better staged, and I doubt whether our time will offer a Margaret to match Fay Compton in the ice and fire of the invective. I think, too, of Barbara Jefford's Lady Anne, sad lost soul.

But Richard himself? There, alas, I must pause. I have had much pleasure from Mr. Helpmann in the theatre, and I shall have more. But his current performance found me out of step from the first. I admit its gusto, but Richard left me cold and unimpressed. After all, though the play is melodrama incarnadined, the blood should be the blood royal, and here (I speak only for myself), there is little more than red ink.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "KISMET" (Princes).—The successful musical play revived. (June 7.)
- "TIME TO SPEAK" (Arts).—A new play by Sylvia Rayman. (June 11.)
- "THE BEAUX STRATAGEM" (Birmingham Repertory).—Farquhar's play directed by Bernard Hepton. (June 11.)
- "IT'S THE GEOGRAPHY THAT COUNTS" (St. James's).—A "psychological thriller" by Raymond Bowers. (June 12.)

FROM FAR AND NEAR: MILITARY, AIR, EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL NEWS.



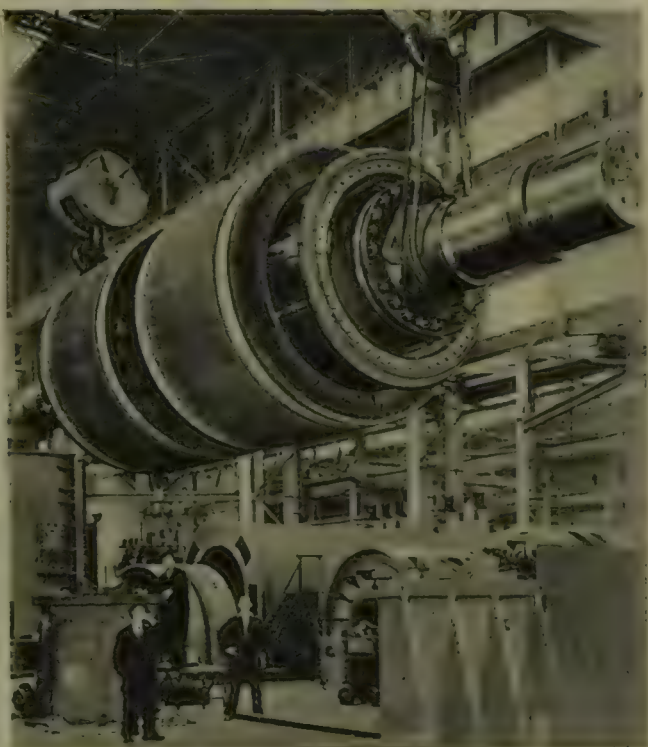
A U.S. TEAM AT BISLEY: MEMBERS OF THE 7TH REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK, MARCHING TO THE BUTTS TO PRACTISE FOR THEIR MATCH ON JUNE 8. On June 8 there was to be an Anglo-American rifle match at Bisley between teams from the Queen's Westminsters (K.R.R.C.), T.A., and the 7th Regiment, National Guard of New York, for the International Challenge Shield, which was presented by Colonel Sir Howard Vincent as a guarantee of perpetual friendship between the two regiments.



AFTER "INADVERTENTLY" BREAKING THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER: FLIGHT LIEUT. J. W. ALLAM WITH THE HANDLEY PAGE VICTOR HE WAS PILOTING. On June 6, while on a normal test flight, Britain's four-jet crescent-wing Handley Page Victor bomber flew faster than sound, and was probably the largest aircraft in the world to have done so. The pilot stated afterwards that he "inadvertently went beyond the speed of sound." Loud bangs were heard over a wide area.



THE FIRST STAGE OF THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE BRITISH GARRISON FROM BERMUDA: "A" COMPANY OF THE D.C.L.I. MARCHING TO THE HARBOUR AT HAMILTON ON JUNE 2. The first stage of the withdrawal of the British garrison from Bermuda took place on June 2, when 150 men of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry boarded the liner *Captain Cook* at Hamilton and later sailed for Glasgow. The departure of the garrison had been announced on May 10.



SEEN IN THE TRAFFORD PARK WORKS OF METROPOLITAN-VICKERS ELECTRICAL CO., LTD.: A GIANT DOUBLE ARMATURE, 35½ FT. LONG AND WEIGHING 98 TONS. This giant double armature has been made for one of the three 8000-h.p. 65/130/160-r.p.m. d.c. reversing motors being made by Metropolitan-Vickers for the new universal beam mill installation at the Lackenby Works of Dorman Long (Steel) Ltd.



THE FIRST SAMOAN EVER TO TAKE A NEW ZEALAND DEGREE: MISS FANAIFI MAI'IA'I RECEIVING HER DEGREE AT A CEREMONY IN WELLINGTON TOWN HALL. A Samoan girl, Miss Fanaafi Mai'ia'i, made history by taking a Bachelor of Arts degree at Victoria University College, Wellington. Studying under a scholarship scheme initiated by the New Zealand Government, she was the first Samoan—man or woman—ever to do so.



THE OPENING OF TRANS-WORLD AIRLINES' NEW JETSTREAM LONG-DISTANCE SERVICE FROM PARIS: A DELIGHTFUL CEREMONY WHEN THE BALLERINA LUDMILLA TCHERINA, ATTENDED BY FOUR BALLET STUDENTS, "CUT THE RIBBON."

2500-YEAR-OLD IVORIES FROM NIMRUD; AND LONDON BRIDGES OLD AND NEW.



FROM THIS SEASON'S DISCOVERIES AT NIMRUD: AN IVORY, SHOWING A LION WITH SUN-DISK ON ITS HEAD.



MAGNIFICENT EVEN BEFORE CLEANING: AN IVORY PLAQUE OF A MAN GRASPING A LOTUS PLANT.



ANOTHER OF THIS YEAR'S NIMRUD IVORIES: A GAZELLE TURNING ITS HEAD TO BROWSE ON FOLIAGE.



THE RAHAB OF ANCIENT NIMRUD: AN IVORY OF THE TRADITIONAL COURTESAN LOOKING OUT FROM HER WINDOW TO LURE ASTRAY THE PASSER-BY.

These few field photographs are among the first released of this year's highly successful season by the British School of Archaeology in Iraq under its Director, Professor M. E. L. Mallowan, and the ivories shown, although photographed here in the field shortly after they were discovered, and consequently without the benefit as yet of skilled cleaning, are nevertheless up to the level of all but the very best yet discovered in the series of excavations in the Assyrian capital at Nimrud, which Professor Mallowan annually reports in *The Illustrated London News* at full length when the material has been assembled, studied and cleaned. These 2500-year-old ivories are probably of Syrian workmanship.



THE MOST DELIGHTFUL OF THE IVORIES FOUND THIS YEAR: A COW SUCKLING HER CALF AND TURNING TO LICK ITS TAIL—A WORK FULL OF AFFECTION TOWARDS ANIMALS.



THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION BY THE L.C.C.: LONDON'S SECOND OLDEST THAMES BRIDGE, THE ALBERT BRIDGE, CHELSEA, WHICH DATES FROM 1873.

In mid-May it was learnt that London County Council proposed to demolish the Albert Bridge, the nineteenth-century suspension bridge between Cheyne Walk and Battersea, as having ceased to be useful for modern traffic—principally because it can not take lorries over 5 tons.



A TWELVE-HOUR ALL-NIGHT PROCESS: THE NEW ST. JAMES'S PARK BRIDGE OF WHICH THE CONCRETE SURFACE AND THREE PIERS WERE LAID IN ONE OPERATION. During the night of June 6-7, thirty men, working under a battery of arc-lights and supplied by twenty-six lorries bringing concrete, completed the main structure of the new St. James's Park bridge in one operation to avoid any seams in the concrete.

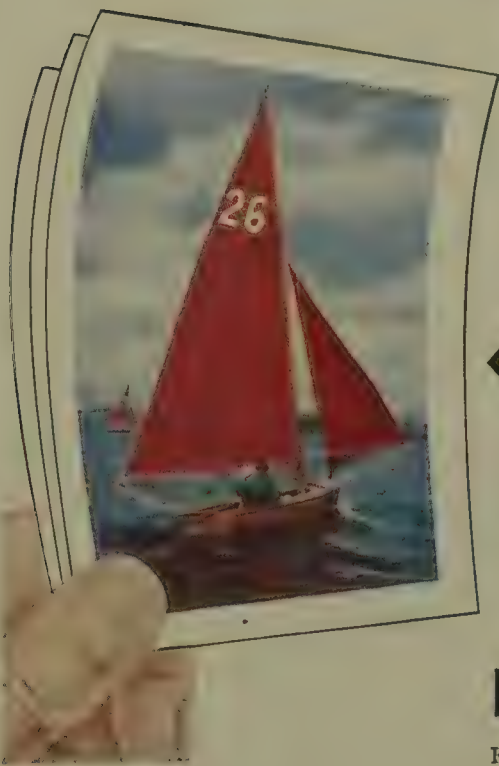


Capture Colour WITH THE KODAK BANTAM **Colorsnap** CAMERA

Just press the button

FOR THE FIRST time ever, it's easy to take pictures in colour—wonderful, glowing, true-in-every-detail colour. How's it done? With the Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera. This is the first colour camera in the world to cut out all technicalities. You don't need to know anything more about photography than for taking a snap in black-and-white. Just follow the simple instructions built right into the back of the camera and press the button. You get glorious colour pictures time after time.

The Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera uses 'Kodachrome'—the famous colour film—in convenient 8-exposure rolls. But it's a fine black-and-white camera too. Ask to see it at your Kodak dealer's. Price £12. 10. 2d. inc. tax.



CHOOSE YOUR WAY TO ENJOY YOUR COLOUR PICTURES

◀ Kodak Colour Prints

You can have 'Kodak' Colour prints made from your transparencies—just the thing for putting in the album or carrying in your wallet. Your Kodak dealer will show you the two sizes now available.

Table Projector

One of the most enjoyable ways to view your transparencies is on the 'Kodaslide' Table Projector. You see the picture brilliantly enlarged 16 times in area on a built-in screen.

On the home screen

You can project your transparencies across the room on to a big screen. It's exciting and it brings up every tiny detail. Ask your dealer about 'Kodak' projectors.



IT'S **Kodak** FOR COLOUR

KODAK LTD · KODAK HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON · W.C.2.

'Kodak' is a Registered Trade Mark.



*Stainless Steel Cookware by "Prestige"
Available from good stores everywhere*

..... *I do ... I do*

find them handsome, valuable and labour saving. It is not surprising that stainless steel makes the most coveted wedding present—a gift for a lifetime.

Stainless Steel—the metal of the age



"SILVER FOX"



Registered Trade Marks

STAINLESS STEEL

SAMUEL FOX & COMPANY LIMITED

A Subsidiary Company of The United Steel Companies Limited

STOCKSBRIDGE WORKS · Nr. SHEFFIELD · ENGLAND

THE UNITED
STEEL
COMPANIES LTD



*Write to Sales Development
Department for this free booklet.*

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN fiction, war is easy to handle as an episode, but very difficult to join on to life or represent as the stuff of life. And so good war novels are scarce, above a certain level. However, "Fires on the Plain," by Shohei Ooka (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), is not really a novel but a vision. And the theme is really not war, but—in the most fundamental sense—human nature.

It is a ghastly little book. From the start, no one is fighting for anything, or indeed at all. Japanese resistance on Leyte has been pulverised. Private Tamura's unit is reduced to a bunch of stragglers in a mountain village, foraging for dear life. Tamura can't help; he is a consumptive. After three days he was thrown out of the hospital to save food, and now the unit won't have him back. He must go and "plant himself" at the hospital door, and if the worst comes to the worst—well, he has a hand-grenade. "But don't kill yourself unless you absolutely have to . . ."

So he is turned adrift in the jungle, amid the invisible Filipinos and their watch-fires, with six potatoes. This is quite humane. Even his fellow-rejects, "planted" before the hospital, have a trace of humanity as we understand it; he sees a middle-aged soldier take a young one under his wing . . . Then the hospital is bombarded. Again Tamura strays off alone—every step widening the rift between his consciousness and the outer world, and starting God-ideas which will soon be hallucinations. Suddenly he is back in a crowd, all streaming for a magical Palompon, the "evacuation port." By this time, acts of fellowship have become unthinkable. The attempt to sneak through is blasted; and in the next phase, the solitary Tamura has no eye for living people. His whole interest is in bodies, if they are fresh enough . . . Only it is not to be. He feels himself observed. His left hand lays hold of his right . . . Evidently he is beloved of God, forbidden to eat not only man, but any creature. So his body will have to be transfigured . . . But this is neither the end nor the lowest depth. Presently he stumbles on two old "rejects," the adoptive father and son, in their latest phase . . .

It has been said that "Lead me not into temptation" really means "Let me never see what kind of person I am." That, at any rate, is the sense of Tamura's inferno. The war has "led him into temptation"—as he defines it, into the sphere of chance—and shown him the very depths of the essential human condition. Of course, the effect is frightful. But it is not mean; it has a kind of horrifying visionary beauty.

OTHER FICTION.

"Outbreak of Love," by Martin Boyd (John Murray; 12s. 6d.), provides exquisite relief, and would be very seductive in any context. The scene is Melbourne, just before the 1914 war. The social milieu is an afterglow—that of the old, English, upper-class tradition, soon to fade away. Chiefly, we are concerned with Diana von Flugel (*née* Langton), and her husband Wolfe, the German musician and child of nature who has been battenning on her for twenty years. (Says Uncle Arthur of Wolfe: "He doesn't mean to bite the hand that feeds him. He just thinks 'That's a nice piece of meat. I'll have that, too.'") Now Diana is offered a wider life—and simultaneously confronted with Mrs. Montaubyn, Wolfe's disreputable Ceres, at a Government House ball. Then there are the Australian courtships of the two aides: a tender idyll, and a blundering speculation. But it is the whole picture that delights: the social plenty, the wit and ease, all the minutiae of discrimination and charm.

"The Sponger," by Jules Renard (Longmans; 15s.), translated by Edward Hyams, takes us yet further back; not long ago it was chosen by a jury of French writers as "one of the best French novels of the nineteenth century." So now we have it in English. The narrator, Henri, has insinuated himself on the bourgeois Vernets—a good-natured philistine and his pseudo-romantic wife—as their household poet. He dines with them nearly every day. Then he accompanies them to the seaside . . . He is a perfectly conscious fraud; still, he feels attached to them; at the same time, he has a sense of his rôle. It will be proper for him to seduce Mme. Vernet . . . An unnerving task; a gently funny, luminously "period" fiasco, with the original illustrations. Slightly too long; and not, I should say, one of the Great Books.

In "End of Chapter," by Nicholas Blake (Collins; 12s. 6d.), Nigel Strangeways is employed by the distinguished publishing house of Wenham and Geraldine to detect a snake in the grass. They have incurred a big libel action, because a couple of deletions from the autobiography of a retired general were restored in proof. Who did it, and why? Nigel has already decided that the motive may go far back, when another and very different author, thumping out her autobiography in the building, has her throat cut. Then he can forge ahead, by deduction from the unfinished manuscript and psychological acumen. Classical in type, and, of course, well written. But every inch a "detective plot."

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

QUITE the most intriguing personality of the World Championship "zonal" tournament in Dublin, to me, was the Spanish champion, Jaime Llado.

Spain has a flourishing chess life. I could name twenty Spanish players with more tournament experience than Llado. A prosperous textile manufacturer from Barcelona, he is an amateur in every sense of the word. He only took seriously to chess fairly late in life. Yet that he has an innate genius for the game is inescapable.

Nobody who has travelled could fail to recognise him as a Spaniard. Medium to shortish in height, brown as a berry, already slightly balding at forty, gold-toothed with a little moustache, elegantly dressed (not unexpectedly, perhaps, in view of his calling), he drifts down to breakfast at noon, to dinner at eleven (God help him if he ever tries this in an English hotel; in Dublin they have a more Christian contempt for time). Even when verbally castigating some good friend in that furious Spanish that can rattle like a machine-gun, he has an unfailing naughty twinkle in his eye.

And his chess!—is that of a dashing caballero. He has a disregard for material values, a contempt for mere pawns, that you might expect to be quite fatal in top-rank chess; but it is allied to a gift of imagination that gained him seven fine wins and a place near the top of the "zonal" table. He uses every bit of his time; for instance, he left himself only two minutes for ten moves against his fellow-Iberian, Durão from Lisbon, in an incredibly complex situation in which he had sacrificed three pawns for—well, nobody really knew what. Calmly, coolly, he continued even to write down all the moves on each side; and he won.

Here Van Scheltinga, a phlegmatic Dutchman, himself no mean exponent of the game, must have wondered what hit him.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE, YUGOSLAV VARIATION.

VAN SCHELTINGA	LLADO	VAN SCHELTINGA	LLADO
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	8. P-Q5	Kt-QR4
2. P-QB4	P-KKt3	9. Kt-R3	P-K3
3. P-KKt3	B-Kt2	10. B-Q2	P×P
4. B-Kt2	Castles	11. BP×P	R-K1
5. P-K4	P-Q3	12. P-B3	R-Kt1
6. Kt-K2	P-B4	13. R-Kt1	P-Kt3
7. Castles	Kt-B3		

14. B×Kt would now give Black doubled isolated pawns. "What of it?" Llado would say: "I have bishops! I have play!" On consideration, Van Scheltinga thinks so too.

14. P-QKt4	P×P	18. B-K1	P-QR3
15. B×P	B-QR3	19. R-QB2	Kt-Q2
16. R-K1	B×Kt	20. Q-Q2	Kt-Kt2
17. R×B	P-QKt4	21. R-B6	Kt-K4!

Totally unanticipated by White, I have no doubt. Llado deliberately gives up both his queen's wing pawns in an intricate combination which extends to his 31st move.

22. R×RP	Kt-B4	24. R×P
23. R-R7	P-Kt5!	

Or 24. Kt-Bz, Q-Kt3—White's rook on R7 is marooned.

24.	R×R	29. Q-R5	B×R
25. Q×R	Kt(K4)-Q6	30. Q×B	Q-B3
26. Q-Kt1	Kt×B	31. K-Kt1	Q-Kt7
27. Q×Kt	B-Q5ch	32. B-B1	Kt-K4
28. K-B1	Kt-Q6	33. Q-K3	R-QB1

White has two pawns for the exchange but is at Black's mercy. Chess at its best!

34. Kt-Kt5	R-B7	37. Q-Q3	Kt-K4
35. P-QR4	Kt-B5	White resigns	
36. Q-Q4	Q-B8		

For on 38. Q-Kt3 would come 38. . . . Q-Q7.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM ELIZABETHAN SONGS TO WHITAKER'S ALMANACK.

IT has always seemed strange to me that we, as a country, have not made more of the cultural possibilities of the Elizabethan age, particularly in the realm of song. The charm and purity, musically speaking, of the songs of the Elizabethan era are matchless—and far too little known. This omission has been admirably remedied by "An Elizabethan Song Book," edited by W. H. Auden, C. Kallman and Noah Greenberg (Faber and Faber; 32s. 6d.). This delightful collection of words and music, the latter adapted for the piano from the lute by Noah Greenberg, is quite enchanting and saddens me that I cannot play the piano myself. Never perhaps has there been a period when musician and poet worked in such excellent harmony. Great poets like Ben Jonson wrote directly for composers, while composers like John Dowland and Thomas Morley set their poems to music. What could be more delicious than that well-known poem: "Whither Runeth My Sweet-hart," or more whimsical than "Tobaccoe, Tobaccoe," which, according to the anonymous writer, was so closely analogous to love in cause and effect. Mr. Auden and his colleagues have put us greatly in their debt.

Virtually all the great English cathedrals had been built long before the Elizabethan age, the finest period of florescence of English Gothic being, I suppose, the fourteenth century. Mr. Herbert Felton is one of our most distinguished photographers, and when he joins forces with Mr. John Harvey (probably the greatest living authority on English Gothic architecture) in "A Portrait of English Cathedrals" (Batsford; 30s.), the results are liable to be satisfying. As Mr. Harvey says, the difficulties of studying architecture, as opposed to other art forms, is that buildings "cannot be collected or brought together for temporary exhibition, as may sculpture and paintings." However, the camera, particularly as wielded by Mr. Felton, provides a happy alternative. Here we have some superb photographs of the twenty-six greatest English cathedrals. For historical as well as æsthetic reasons, none of the modern Anglican cathedrals is included, nor are any of the Roman Catholic cathedrals, mostly built by Pugin, *père et fils*, which date from the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England. The photographs are, as I say, magnificent, and Mr. Harvey contributes a historical note on each of the great buildings illustrated. A most worthy addition to Messrs. Batsford's admirable series, and one which is, for the value contained, most modestly priced.

Another book which largely consists of photographs is "Incas to Indians" (Photography Magazine; 45s.). The late Werner Bischof was justly renowned as a photographer and was working on this book, which deals, as its name implies, with Latin-America, when he died. Mr. Robert Frank and M. Pierre Verger have also contributed studies to complete the book, while Manuel Tuñón de Lara contributes a long, scholarly but lightly-written introduction. I have never been greatly enamoured of the Incas, whose civilisation has always struck me as being unusually and unnecessarily cruel, but in the pages of this book their vanished culture is made to live again.

This is the season when reference books are as common as hay-fever. Most notable of a large batch I have in front of me is "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage" (Odhams Press; 10 gns.). It is edited by Mr. C. F. J. Hankinson, one of our sounder genealogists. Mr. Hankinson writes a most interesting introduction. In the course of a year, he gets some curious requests. One gentleman, who had quarrelled with his wife and who failed to get her omitted from Debrett's, wrote to Mr. Hankinson to ask if he could "tuck her away in very small type down at the bottom along with her daughter." I am sorry, though, that Mr. Hankinson did not feel able to help the American lady who asked him "to recommend some titled man of really fine character who was living in straitened conditions" upon whom she could bestow a portion of her income. I can think of several friends of mine who will be very cross with Mr. Hankinson!

"Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack 1957," edited by Norman Preston (Sporting Handbooks; 16s. and 18s. 6d.), will be eagerly welcomed by all good

Wisdeners. This year Neville Cardus contributes an admirable obituary of that great cricketer and delightful all-rounder in the art of living, the late C. B. Fry, and another article entitled "Laker's Wonderful Year" recording the amazing feats of the Surrey spin bowler last season.

Two other reference books deserve notice. One is, of course, "Whitaker's Almanack 1957," with 1190 pages at 18s. 6d. and 35s. "Whitaker" is, of course, a "must," and appears to get bigger and more informative as year succeeds year. Not the least interesting feature of it this year are the news photographs which cover the past year. The Royal Automobile Club is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee by producing its "Guide and Handbook 1957" (8s. 6d. to members; 10s. to non-members) in entirely new form. The 1000 pages of important information which it contains have been given a new look and the result is admirable.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

MAGNET

FOR THE

OUTSIDE

WHERE

PAINT

MUST DO MORE

THAN DECORATE



Magnet is the modern Hard Gloss
White Lead Paint in 30 intermixable colours
WHITE LEAD PAINT LASTS



The complete range of Thornycroft vehicles includes types for specialised and orthodox transport—for large National industries and for the "one man" business.

Messrs. Flowers Breweries Ltd. operate a fleet of Thornycroft vehicles, one of which, a "Trusty" 8-wheeler, is shown here.

From the "Swift," our latest 4-tonner, to the "Mighty Antar," Britain's biggest tractor, we can offer types capable of handling gross laden weights of up to 100 tons—and even greater under certain conditions.

THORNYCROFT VEHICLES

for Orthodox and Specialised Transport

TRANSPORT EQUIPMENT (THORNYCROFT) LIMITED
THORNYCROFT HOUSE, SMITH SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1



MAKE YOUR FAMILY
SELF-RELIANT

Who takes your children to school? Who carries home that heavy shopping? Your wife, no doubt, but not in your car. Give her a second thought—buy a second car that will do 50 miles per gallon, cruise at 50 m.p.h. and yet costs only £5 per year in Tax. Very safe to drive and easy for parking. This is real motoring economy. This is the Reliant Regal Mk. III.

your second Car

50 miles per gallon
£5 Annual Tax
Low Insurance

London Distributor:
Glanfield Lawrence (Highbury) Ltd., Reliant
House, 28/32 Highbury Corner, London, N.5

RELIANT ENGINEERING CO. (TAMWORTH) LTD.
DEPT. I.M. I

TWO GATES + TAMWORTH + STAFFS

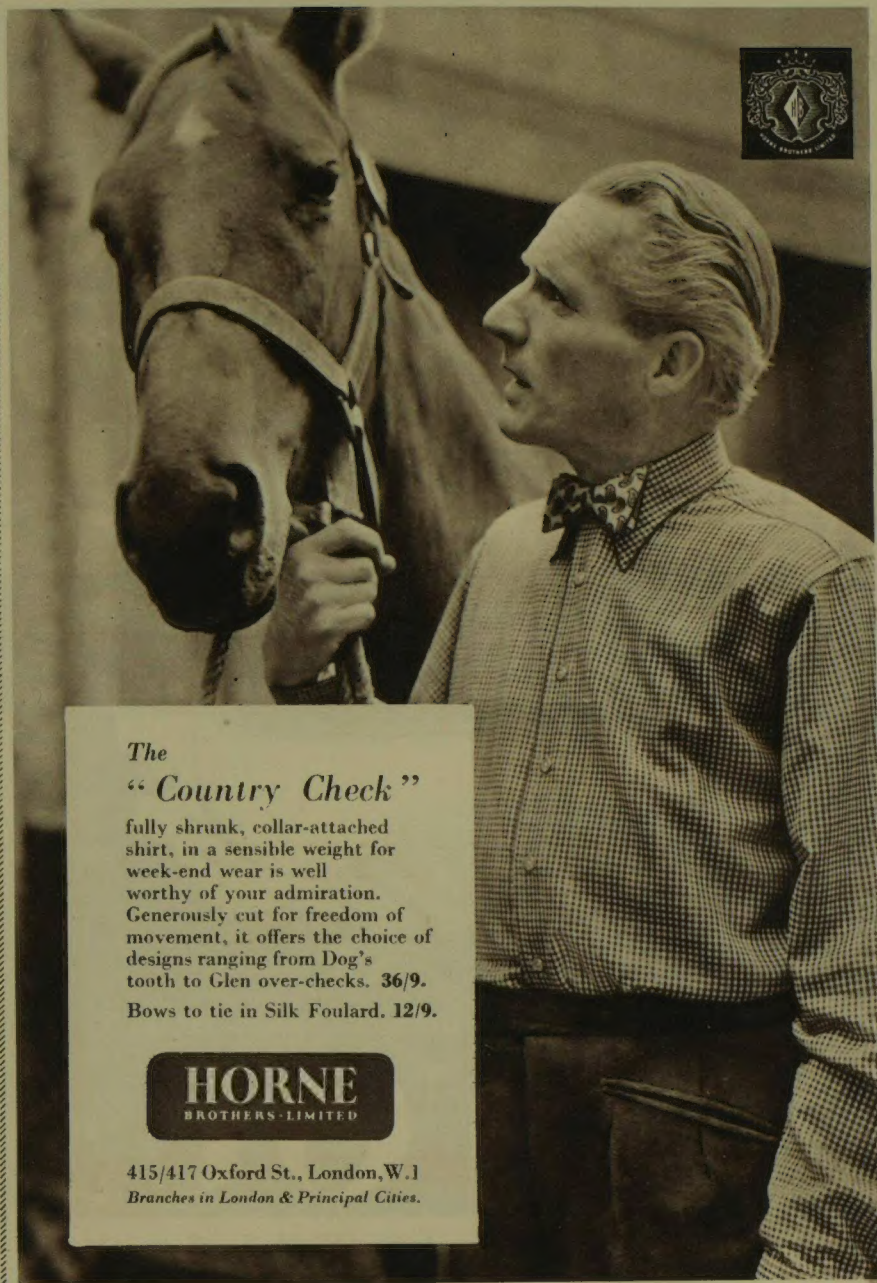
RELIANT
"REGAL" Mk.III.



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-



The "Country Check"

fully shrunk, collar-attached shirt, in a sensible weight for week-end wear is well worthy of your admiration. Generously cut for freedom of movement, it offers the choice of designs ranging from Dog's tooth to Glen over-checks. 36/9. Bows to tie in Silk Foulard. 12/9.

HORNE
BROTHERS LIMITED

415/417 Oxford St., London, W.1
Branches in London & Principal Cities.



Summer-time recipe for the party spirit!

Gordon's Refresher
Pour one cocktail glass of Gordon's into a large glass. Add one ice-cube and a dash of lime. Top up with Ginger Beer or Soda Water according to taste. Wonderful!

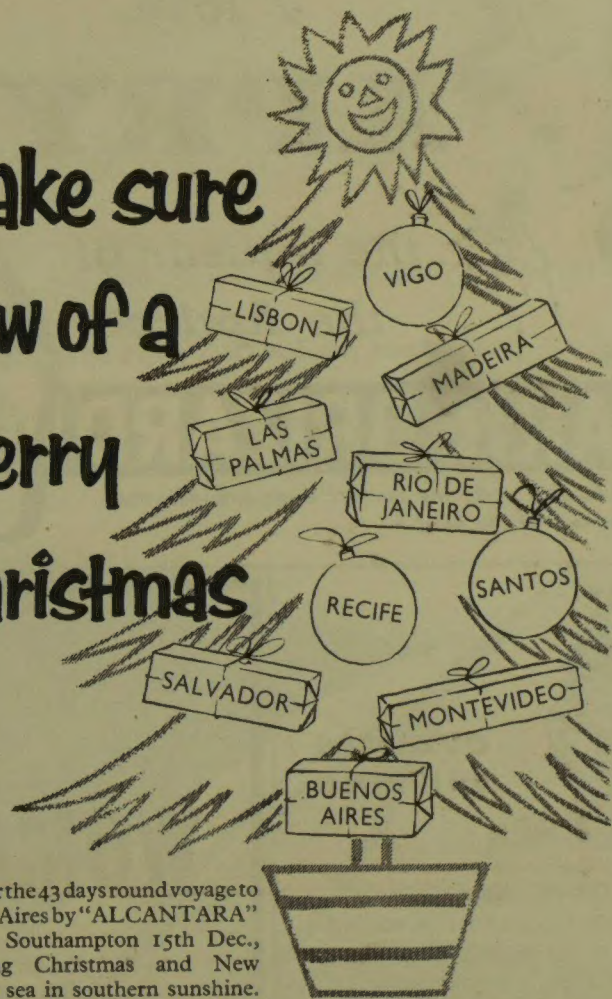
With Gordon's on hand you have the making of many long, cool summer drinks—and you have the party spirit! Gordon's is the only drink you can give to all your friends in just the way they like it—long, refreshing and sweet, or short and dry; with tonic, orangesquash or vermouth; or as the "Heart of a Good Cocktail". This summer, always keep Gordon's in the house.



Gordon's is the party spirit

ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Make sure
now of a
merry
Christmas



Book for the 43 days round voyage to Buenos Aires by "ALCANTARA" leaving Southampton 15th Dec., spending Christmas and New Year at sea in southern sunshine. Passengers may use ship as hotel during 5 days' stay at Buenos Aires. Apply to your Travel Agent or

ROYAL MAIL LINES

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE • LEADENHALL STREET • LONDON, E.C.3 • MAN 0522
AMERICA HOUSE • COCKSPUR STREET • LONDON, S.W.1 • WHI 9646



THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

JEAN **PATOU** PARIS

$\frac{1}{4}$ oz. £5.10.6 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. £8.18.0 1 oz. £13.16.0 2 oz. £24.0.0



Time Remembered

To the awe-inspiring task of regulating life-times, minute by minute and hour by hour. Longines devote the knowledge and skill acquired over generations. And unfailingly—with watches of unsurpassed grace and precision—they do it.

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONOURED WATCH

Choose your elegant Longines Watch at your local jeweller

Sole Representatives in the United Kingdom
BAUME & CO. LTD., LONDON



I love
APRY
the liqueur of the Apricot

Made by
MARIE BRIZARD
who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-liqueur of the mint!

Post your films to...

Will. R. Rose LTD

23 BRIDGE STREET ROW, **CHESTER**
PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESSORS FOR OVER 50 YEARS
Get our speciality **MAGNA PRINTS** (regd.)
And pay when the work is done.

ALSO AT 133/134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD & 25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM




OVERSEAS SHIPPING

When calling at these Canadian Ports
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND
HALIFAX, N.S.—SAINT JOHN, N.B.
QUEBEC and MONTREAL, QUE.
VANCOUVER and VICTORIA, B.C.

"EXPORT"
CIGARETTES
at competitive prices "In Bond" for passenger and crew use.


MACDONALD'S—SINCE 1858



WOMAN PILOT

"Jackie" Moggridge


"An excellent autobiography by a most persistent, skilful and patriotic woman who from her earliest days had flying on her mind and was determined to succeed no matter what the obstacles, male or otherwise"—SPHERE

MICHAEL  JOSEPH

**WILDSMITH
HUNT & MEDWIN**

ESTABLISHED 1847

6 DUKE STREET
ST. JAMES'S
LONDON S.W.1
WHITEHALL
1623



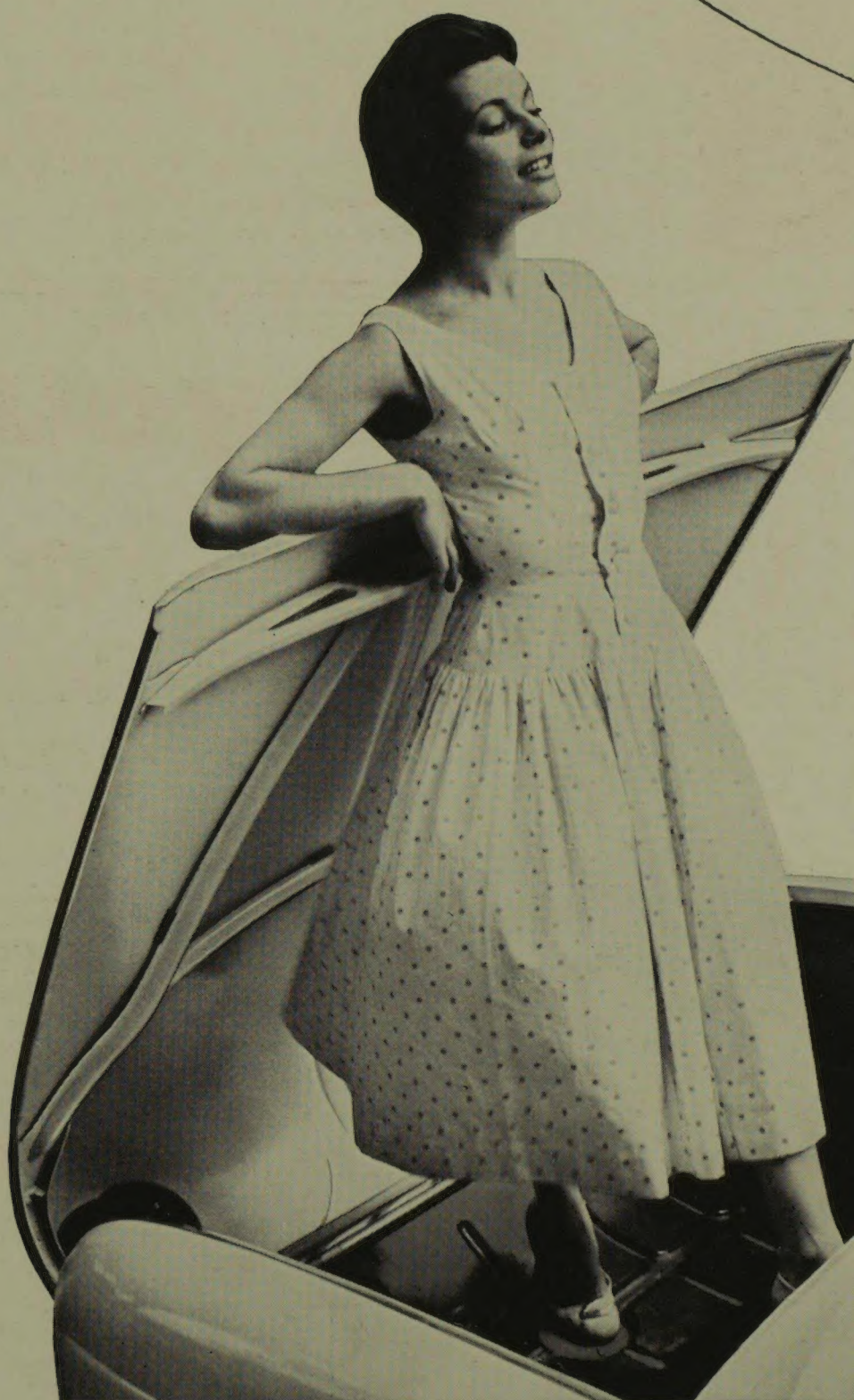
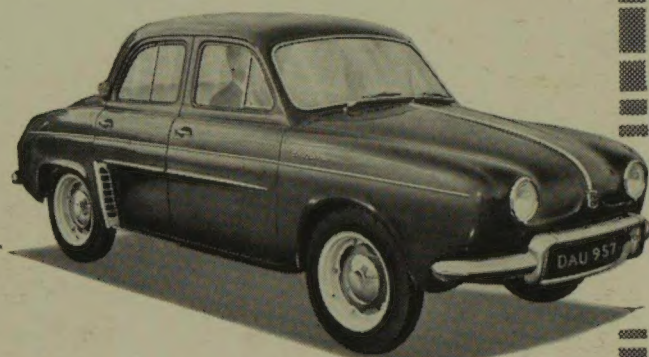
£9. 9. 0.

BROCHURE AND SELF MEASUREMENT FORM ON REQUEST

RENAULT



Dauphine



With 4-door comfort, sparkling performance and extraordinary economy,* here's a real temptation. Top speed of 70, optional 2-pedal control and, as you can see, plenty of room in the boot—IT'S DEFINITELY THE DAUPHINE!

* 55 m.p.g. at a steady 30 m.p.h.
and 53 m.p.g. at a steady 40 m.p.h. (*The Motor*: 9.1.57)

* Price £769.7.0 (including purchase tax).



SENIOR SERVICE

Satisfy

*"Bay" Class Frigate
at anchor in Hong Kong Harbour.*

JOHN S. SMITH